

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

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To the Aurora Borealis.

[Written for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

Glorious Northern wonder!
Parting with such grace
Night's dark veil asunder,
That thou leav'st no trace
Of anguish, pain or gloom upon her mourn-
ful face.

What may be thy mission
To the sons of men?
Thou from fields Elysian
Startlest us, and then
With all thy glorious light retreateth from
our ken.

Science's lamp burns faintly
Where ye gleam afar
Likest halo saintly
Round each distant star;
Science hath ne'er a torch to show us what
ye are.

Now like golden pinions
Gleaming in their flight,
Swift thro' night's dominions
Speeds thy arrowy light,
Making the shades of Eve more than Aurora
bright.

Are ye Heaven's pure legions
Passing fleetly by,
Through the upper regions
Veiled to mortal eye
In light that will not blind our poor mort-
ality?

Not to sinful mortal
May the view be given
Of the shining port
To the far-off Heaven,
Or we might deem its blaze poured on a world
unshriven.

Heart of man! forever
Reaching to the stars,
Thine insane endeavor,
God, in justice, bars;
Truth were no boon for these 'mid lust's un-
holy wars.

Pisgah's mount of vision
Thou may'st never gain
'Til thy meek contrition
Looseneth the chain
That holds thee back 'mid all thy spirit's should
disdain.

Then this enter splendor
Thou no more shalt stay;
Thy freed soul shall wend her
Angel-guarded way,
Where, without sun or star, shineth eternal
day.

M. E. N.

THE VENDETTA.

A CORSICAN STORY.

[Translated from the French of the Comtesse de la Roche, for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

[The admirable story which we commence in this week's RECORD is the production of the Countess de la Roche, who occupies a high position among modern French writers. It is her latest work, and is now translated into English for the first time. The scene is laid in Corsica, a country about which little has been written in fictional literature—a circumstance which gives it a fresh charm and an additional interest. We may say, in conclusion, that it has received the high sanction of his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of Tours.]

INTRODUCTION.

Charity—daughter of Heaven—is ingenious in resources. She can discover remedies for every evil, and consolations for every sorrow. What but Charity has led so many Christian virgins to consecrate their lives to the care of the sick in hospitals or prisons; and what but that divine virtue inspired the idea of these associations of St. Vincent de Paul, called the "Dames de Providence," which distribute among the poor benefits of every kind—giving to some food—to others clothing—to all help and kindly counsel?

I was intimately acquainted with a lady who, for years, had pursued a course of unostentatious beneficence. One day I visited her unexpectedly, and found her sitting at a table, inscribing on her register the list of persons that she was to call upon and assist during the coming month.

"What!" said I, "do you require such an enormous account-book as that for your list?"

"Oh, no," replied Elise, "there is more space here than I require."

"Then what does that large book contain?"

"Some notes and memoranda, without order or connection."

"Let me see," said I, taking possession of the book.

"You cannot make out anything there, I assure you."

"Never mind, let me see."

I opened it at random, and read such sentences as the following:

"Christine is the mother of five children; has a blind husband; found work for him, and situations for her two daughters."

"Well," said I, "this must give you a great deal of trouble, and absorb a great deal of your time."

"Undoubtedly it does," she replied; "but how could it be better employed?"

"Yet those ladies have duties to fulfill to their families and society, for if they are not childless widows they must be endowed with that marvellous energy which I so much admire in you."

"Believe me," she said, interrupting me, and pressing my hand affectionately, "that in whatever situation we may be placed, if we would only abridge unnecessary conversations, and avoid useless visits and dangerous pleasures, it would leave many hours each week to be devoted to good works; and as for the trouble of which you speak, I assure you that the pleasure we experience in doing good outweighs a hundred-fold the privations we are obliged to submit to for that end. I have lived in the world, I have tasted its pleasures; but believe me, dear friend, that the most delightful ball, or the most splendid fete, cannot yield as much delight as the joyous smile of a child to whom we have brought happiness, or the simple thanks of an old man on whom we have bestowed substantial kindness."

Whilst Elise spoke with all the warmth of deep conviction, I continued to turn over the leaves of her register, and came upon this sentence:

"Pierre Ferrand, an old man, almost a centenarian, suffering from a complication of diseases, and living in a badly-lighted, ill-ventilated, miserable garret. It is necessary to remove him into a healthier apartment, as old age and sickness confine him to his bed."

"And you visit all these people yourself?" I asked.

"Certainly," she replied, "it is necessary, in order that I may distribute aid according to the wants of each, and inspire these poor people with pious thoughts, which can alone yield them lasting consolation."

"But wounds and sores and misery are very repulsive—the untidy and unhealthy dwellings of the poor very unpleasant; and leaving them, you must often feel oppressed with disgust and sadness."

"Sadness? yes, sometimes," replied Elise, "when our means are insufficient to help all those who need assistance; but the other feeling of which you speak passes away with the first few days. Believe me, there is much to be gained by visiting the suffering poor; even our temporal happiness, our feeling of personal comfort, is augmented by it."

"How am I to understand you?" said I, in a tone of surprise.

"I will tell you; when I visit the wealthy in their splendid dwellings, I admire the magnificence of their gilded mirrors and silken hangings; I look with a curious eye on their useless elegancies, and the thousand exquisite trifles which ornament every stand and litter every table; without

experiencing the pangs of envy—a feeling of which I am happily incapable—I discourse, in returning to my own home that my apartments are simple and my furniture old-fashioned; but when I return from my weekly visits to the poor of the neighborhood, my muslin curtains, my velvet chairs, my Gothic time-piece—all that surrounds me, appears so wondrously magnificent, that I am almost ashamed of the luxurious elegance of my dress and furniture. Then I thank the Lord who has been so generous to me, and I entreat him to have pity on those who are destitute of even the necessities of life."

"I understand now," said I; "but do you never meet with ingratitude? Are your actions never misrepresented by those very persons you have assisted?"

"Often," she replied; "for some of the poor are very exacting, and when we cannot give them all they look for, they murmur and complain; but in such cases we must remember that in succoring them we succor Jesus Christ himself, and that the recompense denied to us on earth will be abundantly vouchsafed in Heaven."

She made some other reflections which I but imperfectly understood, occupied as I was by the following memorandum or entry on which I accidentally lighted:

"Journey to Brando; the stranger and her three children in a stable;" then followed a few illegible words, and lower down, "Must find a nurse immediately for the infant; arrange about the funeral and take the necessary steps to discover the family."

"This is a very strange note," said I, pointing to the place which had excited my curiosity.

"Ah!" said Elise, "that was written at Bastia, and recalls to my mind some terrible and at the same time touching incidents of a Corsican tragedy—in one word, the story of a Vendetta."

"The story of a Vendetta! Tell it to me, my dear friend."

"Willingly; for it appears to me well calculated to inspire noble sentiments and to demonstrate the advantages of a religious education while making known to us the manners and customs of a country very interesting in many respects, and yet but little visited by modern tourists. With this double object in view, I have enlarged upon many circumstances which might otherwise have been omitted without detriment to the course of the narrative."

The commencement of the story I am about to relate came under my own observation, and the rest I had from a reliable source.

Elise took from her table-drawer some wool which she was knitting into undergarments for the poor, and commenced the following story, to which I listened with pleased attention:

CHAPTER I.

THE ORPHANS.

I had not been long in Bastia when the Baroness de —, that angel of virtue of whom I have so often spoken, formed the project of establishing an association of ladies whose object would be to relieve the physical and moral sufferings of the poor, but, above all, to destroy the principal cause of their misery—illness—that great evil of the Corsican population.

For this purpose we offered work to all the poor whose age or infirmities did not preclude them from accepting it, and, moreover, we had recourse to every means of persuasion; for it must be acknowledged that however considerable the remuneration promised, this part of our task was the most difficult to perform.

The establishment of such an association in a country like Corsica had necessarily many difficulties to overcome, but

the ardent charity of the Baroness surmounted every obstacle. At the end of the first month our Society consisted of sixty ladies, one-half being residents of the island, the rest French, under the presidency of the pastor, and our first funds were procured by means of a lottery held in Madame D—'s saloon. The city was divided into six districts, and twelve ladies, of whom I was one, were appointed to visit the poor in their own dwellings. Once a month the members assembled to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and afterwards to render an account of their labors and expenses to the Society. My companion in these visits was a venerable widow, who, according to the touching Corsican custom, never left off mourning nor appeared in any worldly assembly during the thirty years which had elapsed since her husband's death. One day, just as we had finished our task and had arrived at the *Place Saint Nicolas*, a young girl, tall, slender and courteous as the women of the Cap generally are, approached the Signora Petrucci and addressed her in the Corsican dialect. Lest I should be any restraint on their conversation, I passed on a few steps in advance, but my friend soon overtook me.

"Mon Dieu," she said, translating into bad French what she had just heard from the young girl, "a poor woman, whose husband has been murdered, is dying of want; she and her children are in a stable upon the road to Brando, not far from the Madonna-della-Vesina, where they received shelter last night. It is feared she cannot live long."

"Let us hasten to her assistance," said I, hurrying forward.

"It is too far for me," said the Signora, catching me by the arm, for she was no longer young, and the inactive, indoor life which the ladies of Bastia are always accustomed to lead renders them unable to walk any great distance.

"But why should we go to Vesina?" she continued, "the poor of our own city are already so numerous that we are unable to assist all; besides this woman they say is a stranger. I doubt not she is a Genoise." And she emphasized the word with that tone of contemptuous hatred which the Corsicans all feel for the Genoise, under whose iron yoke they had long groaned.

"What matters it whether she is a Genoise or not, when, as you say, she is dying; but I agree with you that we have no right to make use of the funds confided to us for the benefit of the poor of this neighborhood for that unhappy woman. I shall go seek the Baroness."

"That is a good idea," said the Signora, interrupting me; "give her my best respects; we are very fortunate in having her among us; she has done so much good. Good bye, then *Carissima*," she added, "I will now take my siesta, for I am almost dead with fatigue."

I crossed the square in a run, for at that hour it was almost deserted, and taking the road which runs between the barracks and the sea, I passed through the garden and reached the glass door of the gallery which the chamber-maid opened immediately and without giving her time to announce me I knocked at the door of Madame D—'s room.

"Come in," she said in a sweet voice.

Madame D. was seated before a work-table patiently arranging pieces of colored calico to make hoods and sacks for the poor children of Bastia. It was her favorite occupation, and she worked at it with as much assiduity and industry as if her means of subsistence depended on it.

Madame D.— was no longer young, but her features were still delicate; her eyes tender and expressive, her figure elegant

and majestic, and her manner at once gracious and commanding. Yet all these physical attractions could give you no idea of the beauty of her soul. I explained to her the reason of my early visit.

"We must help this poor woman," she said, putting aside her work-table and pulling the bell. When the domestic entered, in answer to her summons, she ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately. "My dear Elise will be good enough to go with me, provided always that your children can do without you during so many hours, and your husband will not be annoyed at your absence?" for her enlightened piety would not permit her to counsel the performance even of a good action to the detriment of any family duty.

"There is nothing to prevent me," said I, "and I shall be delighted to accompany you."

"Very well, then I shall send word to your house," replied the Baroness, hastily putting on a hat as simple and plain as the rest of her dress. I never knew a woman who valued dress so lightly or attached so little importance to the toilette. She then opened a large bureau and took from it a bundle of linen and children's clothing. "We will find these very useful," she said.

The horses being harnessed and all ready we set out. It was one of those fatiguing journeys in which even the animals appeared to lose all their energy, and become enervated by the blast of the sirocco which, however, is there somewhat moderated by passing over the Mediterranean. We progressed very slowly in the street, and on the square a crowd of idlers were losing their time in a state of inaction, the greater number sleeping under the shadow of the walls.

"Look," said Madame D—to me, "look and say if all our exertions are not needed to inspire this people with a love of labor. A great many of these unfortunate beings beg the food they could so easily earn. However," added she, "it is not so much their fault; they do not know better, it is our duty to teach them."

One of Madame D—s characteristics is her charity in judging others: even when blaming vice she does her best to excuse the criminal.

We took the high road to Pietrassena, which skirts the shore, sometimes approaching so near that the waves wash the pathway, sometimes separated from it by thickets of olive trees and groves of pomegranates and myrtles.

"Urge on your horses, Peter," said the Baroness to her coachman. "When I think," she added, addressing me, "of the misery this poor woman is enduring I cannot be satisfied with this slow pace."

As for me I shared her impatience. A magnificent view at this moment expanded before us; the sea foaming and driven violently by the sirocco contrasted strongly with the green hills and smiling country on our left, but I knew by heart already all the beauty of the landscape, for the road to Brando broad and level as the best roads in France, picturesque as the noblest park, was a favorite promenade of mine, and even were it otherwise the fate of the stranger interested me so strongly that I had no admiration to bestow upon the natural beauties of the scene.

"There's the Preceptory of the Knights Templars" said I as I caught a glimpse of a stately turret and a terrace overhanging the sea, which tradition asserts formerly belonged to that celebrated Order. Aromatic herbs were the only thing that grew on that ancient domain, and among them browsed a few wild looking sheep covered with coarse black wool, while their shepherd, extended under a century-old olive tree, sang in a monotonous tone one of those interminable *lamentos*, or Corsican laments, which generally stretch out to sixty or eighty couplets.

"Perhaps he can direct us to the cottage that shelters the unfortunate family we seek?" said I to the Baroness.

"They are down there in that house, a

little on this side the village," he replied. "There is murder in the affair some way or other. I have seen the woman—are you relations of hers? If you wish to arrive there quickly your best way is to leave the carriage and strike into that pathway to the left, and if you like I shall lead the way."

We immediately descended and followed the shepherd who placed his musket on his shoulder and walked before us without troubling himself about his flock which remained under the guardianship of his faithful dog.

We had some difficulty in following him over the hill, which was carpeted with heath and overgrown with thick and tangled shrubbery, but at the end of ten minutes we arrived at a miserable, half ruined cabin, where a heart-breaking sight was presented to us. Upon the floor of a stable without any shelter from the weather a poor woman had given birth to an infant, which, wrapped up in an apron, was feebly crying. Beside her a little girl about twelve years old was cowering in the straw, shivering in the chills of an intermittent fever, and a young boy of thirteen or fourteen was kneeling beside his mother in deep and silent grief.

The poor young woman was so pale that only for her heavy and labored breathings we would have thought she had already departed.

"God will reward you for bringing these ladies," said the old woman of the cottage to our guide, "for I have not a single rag to cover this poor little innocent."

I took from the servant the bundle of linen which he carried and began dressing the newly-born infant, while the Baroness approached the dying woman.

"How do you feel?" she said, addressing her in Italian.

The poor woman opened her eyes; then hastily closing them cried, "Antonio, my Antonio!"

"Be calm, mother; he will be revenged," murmured the young Corsican, pressing the already cold hand which he clasped fondly between his own.

These words made me shudder. I looked at the boy; his features were mild and regular, giving no indication of a revengeful or ferocious disposition.

"Mon Dieu! she is ill indeed," said the Baroness to me in a low voice.

"Send for a physician," I replied.

"And the Abbe Durand," she said, addressing a domestic, who immediately hastened on his errand of charity.

She then begged the shepherd to go seek some nourishment at the nearest inn, and during his absence we borrowed old Margarita's straw pallet, placed the poor woman in it and made her as comfortable as we could. Our patient was not more than thirty, of a mild and interesting appearance, which was heightened by the luxuriant fair hair that fell in disorder over her shoulders. Her dress, which was soiled and torn in many places, was of black *gros de Naples*; on her bruised and bleeding feet were embroidered buskins; the remains of a bright-colored cashmere shawl were gathered around her. Who could this woman be who seemed a stranger in the country? The condition in which we found her forbade our applying to her for information.

The shepherd soon returned, bringing soup, which was very acceptable to the poor woman, who thanked us with a look. Then we brought her new-born babe, which she tenderly embraced, exclaiming, "Poor child, you will never know your father."

"I will be a father to her and to Clarita also," said the young boy in a grave tone, which did not seem natural to his age.

"Tebaldo, my beloved son," said his mother, drawing him towards her and impressing her lips on his forehead. Then, shivering convulsively, she cried, "Oh, they will kill you also; let us leave this place at once; let us return to my own beloved Tournaine; there at least we will be safe from the bullet of the assassin. But

your father cannot come with us; we will never see him more." And she wept anew.

The Baroness and I wept for sympathy. "Poor lady," said I at last, "in the bosom of God you will one day find him for whom you grieve."

"Yes, yes," said she, "that is my only hope." Then, after a moment's silence, she added, gazing sadly and earnestly on the children we had grouped around her couch, that the poor mother might have the only consolation that remained to her on this earth: "But my children! oh, what will become of them? For I am dying; I know, I feel that I am dying."

"Do not speak so, mother," said the little girl, who trembled in every limb; "we are unhappy enough already."

"Oh! that my parents were still alive," replied the dying woman; "they would take charge of my poor orphans; for if they remain on this island they will die like their father. Hear me, Tebaldo," she added, and her voice was growing gradually weaker; "you must be educated on the continent; your father had consented to it; remain there all your life; never put your foot again on this fatal island. You can work. You want neither for courage nor activity, and some day, when your sisters will have lost their grandmother, they will follow you; they will be happier there, my beloved country is so beautiful!"

At this moment the Abbe Durand and the doctor entered the stable. The latter felt the sick woman's pulse, and gave us an expressive look, which we comprehended only too well.

"Can we not remove Madame to my house?" the Baroness asked.

"Impossible," he replied in a whisper; "she has not two hours to live."

This was sad news, for the fate of the poor mother had affected us deeply. The priest, who, like ourselves, was a Continental, approached her.

"Madam," said he, "whatever may be the nature of your sorrows, religion can supply a balm for them."

"Heaven has sent you to me, father," she replied, with an accent of touching resignation, "and I earnestly desire to make my confession."

We retired into the miserable apartment, scarcely larger than a dog-kennel, in which the old woman slept, bringing with us the doctor and Clarita. As for Tebaldo, in spite of all our remonstrances he would not leave the room, but remained on his knees at the threshold of the door. He did not shed a tear, but in his intense grief and the expression of his face, there was something terrible to behold. At the end of a quarter of an hour the good Abbe recalled us, and Tebaldo was first by the bedside of his mother.

"My child," said the worthy priest, "repeat before your children that you forgive the murderer of your husband."

"I forgive him," she repeated, endeavoring to raise her voice, and kissing the crucifix that the priest presented to her.

"But I will never forgive the murderer of my father," said Tebaldo, in so low a tone that I alone heard him.

Involuntarily I turned to look at the boy, whose youthful countenance contrasted so strangely with his words, that I could scarcely believe I had heard him correctly.

While the Abbe Durand departed for the Holy Viatum, a profound silence reigned around the bed of the dying woman, broken only by the prayers and aspirations which, in a low weak voice, she occasionally repeated. Every feature expressed the most perfect resignation. Suddenly the little infant that Margarita held upon her knee uttered a feeble cry. The mother, with a strength which we could scarcely believe she possessed, raised herself to a sitting posture, and called for her child, but, exhausted by the effort, fell back on the pillow weeping bitterly.

In a little while the Abbe Durand returned, bearing the Holy Viatum, and seeing him approach, she raised her eyes to heaven and exclaimed:

"Oh, my God, who art so good as to

come to me, may your holy will be done, and oh, be a Father to my children when I am no more."

All knelt while she communicated with edifying piety; then she embraced her children, and thanked us for our kindness to her, entreating us to offer up prayers for the repose of her soul and the soul of her husband; and so saying, she fell into a peaceful sleep. But soon a cold sweat bedewed her forehead; her chest heaved; she pronounced once more the name of Antonio—kissed the crucifix that she held between her hands; then the rattle, that terrible forerunner of death, was heard. The priest recited aloud the prayers for the dying, to which we responded, and before he had concluded, her sufferings were over—the poor mother had ceased to exist.

At first Tebaldo imagined that his mother was again sleeping, and with an air of authority, he imposed silence on his little sister, who was asking for a drink, by placing his finger on his lips and signing to her to make no noise. The poor child's mistake harrowed our feelings, and called tears into every eye. But when he at last comprehended the frightful truth, with a heart rending cry he flung himself upon the body of his mother, embracing her again and again, until at last exhausted nature gave way, and he found in unconsciousness a temporary relief. The domestic took him in his arms and bore him to the carriage, and we, placing a blessed candle near the bed, left Margarita and the shepherd to watch by the corpse. I took the infant in my arms; the doctor carried the little girl, who was very sick, and who wept as if she would break her heart; and thus we reached the carriage, in which the three children, the Baroness, and I found room, while the Abbe Durand and the doctor went on foot. It was night, and the moon flung her beams on the pale face of Tebaldo, who had recovered from his swoon, but who was plunged in sullen stupor. Not a word was spoken until we reached Bistone. When passing through the place in which I resided, Madame D— insisted that I should go no farther.

"Your husband will be anxious," she said to me, "and perhaps dissatisfied; tomorrow we can decide what course we ought to take."

Placing in her arms the little infant, which was quietly sleeping, I entered my own dwelling with a mind full of the sad scene I had just witnessed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE IN THE LOW COUNTRIES.—The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. At different epochs they invented printing (wooden type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, &c.; above all, years before my tale, they invented cleanliness. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jerkins and chicken-toed shoes, trod floors of stale rushes foul receptacles of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, dogs' eggs, and all abominations, this hosier's sitting-room at Tergou was floored with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed, that you could eat off them. There was one large window; the cross stone work in the centre of it was very massive, and stood in relief looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead; like the rural you may see to this day in some of our like cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm chair, whose back, at right angles with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of oak, and carved at the summit. There was a copper pail that went in at the waist, holding holy water and a little hand-besom to sprinkle it far and wide, and a long, narrow, but massive, oak table, with a dwarf sticking to the rim by his teeth, his eyes glaring, and his claws in the air like a pouncing vulture.

In the year 1858, 23,704 emigrants returned to Great Britain and Ireland, 18,841 from America, and 4,863 from Australia and New Zealand. The large influx from America is doubtless to be accounted for by the great commercial distress prevailing during 1858 in the United States.

Story of a Seed.

WRITTEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

BY M. M.

'Twas Spring, the bright and balmy, sweetest season of the year,
When Morn is always breezy, and when Eve is always clear,
When the grass looks ever freshest, and the flowers begin to blow,
And the trees to burgeon as they did four thousand years ago;
When birds and running water make sweet music thro' the land,
And Earth looks fresh and beauteous as if from her Maker's hand.

'Twas Spring; the Morn was lovely, and in the East the Sun
Rose o'er the slowly waking Earth, chasing Night's shadows dun,
And slowly, very slowly, did he upward wend his way,
As if he feared to daze the eyes of the tender new-born Day;
For well ye'd remember this apothegm concise,
Many days had seen the sunrise, but not one had seen it twice.

The singing lark soared upward in its graceful spiral flight,
As if to greet the Day-God on his throne of dazzling light;
The flowers looked up in fearless love, or down in wond'ring awe,
Each according to its nature, each unto itself a law;
The sea was over dimples, and expressed its joy aloud,
And the hills and mountains flung aside their canopies of cloud.

A little Seed upon the lap of Mother Earth was cast,
Borne by a passing bird, mayhap, or wafted by the blast,
Or set by Man; I know not, but it sank within the ground;
And softened by the moisture of the soil that wrapp'd it round,
It oped, and lo! a marvel, two little shoots were there,
One loving much its native earth, one longing for the air.

The one had no ambition save to root itself in earth,
The other longed most ardently for that glorious second birth
It felt yet before it; and the rain-drops, trickling through
The matted roots around it, though 'twas pleasant music too,
Could excite its admiration but they could not win its love,
And deeper grew its longings for the sights and sounds above.

Oh, had it but an oakling's strength, that it might force its way
Right up, through every obstacle that in its path-way lay;
How soon from this imprisoning earth and clay it would be free,
And change these trickling rain-drops for the mighty surging sea;
Change this narrow darksome dwelling for the blue o'er-hanging sky,
And crawling slug and earthworm for gay bird and butterfly.

It so longed to reach the surface that it rested not nor slept,
But through the covering earth its way right gallantly it kept;
It pushed up through the loosening soil, it flung aside the clay.
For oh, it longed so eagerly to look upon the day;
And as the sky was bright'ning in the glow of early morn,
The little tiny leaflet that I'm speaking of, was born.

Oh! who can paint its ecstacy, what tongue its joy may tell,
When first on its uncovered head a slanting sun-beam fell;
When the fragrant breeze swept o'er it, and the birds went singing by,
And the rising Sun new glory threw on earth and sea and sky;
Oh! in its clayey prison it had many a dream of bliss.
But it never dreamed of anything so beautiful as this.

What grandeur in the solemn sea, what glory in the sky,
What beauty in the verdant earth to that loving, wond'ring eye;
What music in the rustling leaves, what glow upon the air,
What life upon the fresh'ning breeze, what gladness everywhere;
And it thought "this is enchantment, all is glory, joy and bliss,

Oh, a lifetime might be freely given for one moment such as this."

How earnestly it watched the Sun throughout the livelong day,
Saw him scale the eastern heavens and go down the western way;
How at high noon it shrank and cowered 'neath his o'erpowering eye,
Yet trembled when that glorious orb vanished from the sky;
But when eve deepened into twilight and twilight into night,
Then the little trembling leaflet had like to die of fright.

But it passed, that thrill of terror; yea, it passed away full soon,
For like a phantom of the Sun appeared the pale-faced Moon,
And the sombre clouds grew brighter as they came within her sphere,
And the little timid leaflet that was almost dead with fear
Took heart and gazed upon her and her glittering starry train,
Sailing amid the billowy clouds like ships upon the main.

* * * * *

'Twas Summer, and our little leaf into a bush had grown,
With leaves and buds and flow'rets it was proud to call its own,
For the leaves were very verdant and the flowers were very fair,
And they flung their fragrant tribute on the balmy summer air;
And when the rustling wind swept by upon its mission lone,
They answered to his greeting in a pleasant monotone.

But summer cannot last for aye, and autumn winds will rise;
And alas! they make sad havoc with the loveliness we prize.
Yet when the leaves and flowers are gone, and every branch is bare,
Save when clad in frosty favors by the chilling winter air,
The root will still remain untouched, and oft again renew
The transient forms of loveliness we've so admired in you.

Then while we own that thine's the power to charm both heart and eye,
And e'en to draw encomiums from the careless passer-by,
It would be well to bear in mind that stem or flexile shoot
Could not exist a moment if dis severed from the root;
For flowers are Nature's metaphors, by means of which she'd show
If grace and beauty dwell above, there's life and strength below.

And now, ere a leaf has lost its pleasant vernal hue;
Ay, ere a flower has withered, I will bid thee, plant, adieu;
Thus I shall see thee ever in my thoughts as fair as now,
With leaves and clustering blossoms on each lithe and supple bough,
Combined with light and loveliness and brilliant in thy prime,
To be a pleasant memory through the dreary Winter time.

A COLUMN FOR BOYS.

Roubo, the Parisian Joiner.

Towards the end of October, 1781, public rejoicings took place at Paris on the birth of a dauphin, the eldest son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The corn merchants, among others, wished to celebrate as a body this event, and their market was to be decorated for the occasion. At that period it was surrounded by covered galleries, in which the sale of corn was carried on, while in the centre was a large open court, with here and there some pent-houses, which had a very pleasing effect. As they wanted free space for the festival, they threw down these pent-houses, and an immense awning was suspended over the whole of this court, so that, when illuminated, this part of the building formed quite a brilliant spectacle. Two young architects, recently from Rome, were so struck with it and spoke of it with such enthusiastic admiration that they urged as a substitute for the awning a covering in wood, and the measure was soon decided upon by the committee appointed to consider it. But it was not quite so easy to execute as to plan; the undertaking was a most difficult one, and manifestly above

the powers of a carpenter or even an ordinary joiner. The difficulty lay in finding a roof which would not be too heavy for the old foundations and the already standing buildings. The architects were quite puzzled and unable to come to any decision. At last a person at the meeting said: "I think I know your man, and he is the only one in all Paris capable of carrying out the idea. The man I mean is Roubo, the joiner, author of the treatise on the 'Art of Joining,' who not only unites in a remarkable manner practice with theory, but is also both a draughtsman and an engineer, as he has proved by the designs and plates appended to his work." "Why not send for him?" said the architects; and Roubo answered the summons. But as true talent often doubts its own powers till it has well tasked them, Roubo would not answer on the instant, but requested to be given till the next day for consideration.

"I undertake to construct the cupola," said he, when, punctual to his appointment, he came the next day; "but only on condition that I shall be allowed to carry out my own conceptions." The condition was accepted, and Roubo set to work, with the aid of the carpenter Albouy. He had minutely studied the method employed in the construction of the Chateau de la Muette, by the celebrated Philibert Delorme, the architect of Henry II. This method consists in substituting deal boards placed horizontally so as to form roofings of any dimensions, instead of large beams.

Roubo adopted this plan, and so incessantly did he labor, and so unweary was he in his care and superintendence, that at length the desired object was attained, and the cupola of the corn-market was completed on the 31st of January, 1788—presenting a diameter only twelve feet less than that of the Pantheon at Rome, and this without a single workman having been injured, so prudent had Roubo been in this remarkable undertaking. When the scaffolding was about to be removed, and the building of the arch thus tested, all the spectators retreated to a distance, fearful of a possible accident; Roubo, full of a well-founded confidence in the accuracy of his calculation, alone remained under the platform to await the issue. A shout from the numerous spectators proclaimed the removal of the props and the stability of the work, and Roubo was speedily taken from his post and borne to his own house on the shoulders of his workmen, amidst the acclamations of an eager crowd.

On this occasion, as upon many others, he showed as much disinterestedness as talent, in giving up the claim he might have had as the designer, and refusing to receive more than a certain sum for directing the work. His enthusiasm for his art did not, however, hinder him from foreseeing that sooner or later such works would be taken out of the joiner's hands. The smith Raguin, who had made the iron lantern at the top of the cupola, speaking one day of it as a remarkable piece of workmanship, "Be silent," said Roubo, "if I had been a smith, I would have made the whole cupola of iron," and his anticipations were realized twenty-eight years afterwards. His noble wooden cupola, having been destroyed by the conflagration of 1802, was rebuilt in 1811 by Brunet as it now stands—all iron and copper.

We have now only to say how Roubo, became what he was, for he labored in early life under serious disadvantages. He was the son of a journeyman joiner of limited intellect and bad character, and had been early left to shift for himself, but unlike the great majority of his fellow-tradesmen, who go to work like so many machines, without any other object than to earn a little money only to spend it in the tavern, he denied himself everything in order that he might give himself up to study. His life furnishes a fresh proof of the resources to be found in a determined will, united to a love of industry. The little money given him for his support he often laid out in buying books, and models for drawing.

He endured the most severe privation, provided he could thereby procure facilities for study. When he began to work as journeyman, he was so poor that during the long winter nights, in order that he might read some hours later, and being unable to procure candles he contented himself with ends of tallow candles which had been thrown away and which he eagerly collected.

Professor Blondel was the kind patron of Roubo, and had reason to be proud of his pupil. The happy completion of the cupola, by spreading his reputation, brought him much lucrative employment. He was engaged in many other important works but the revolution ruined him.

This remarkable man died the 10th January 1791.

The author of "Childe Harold," while in Italy, had a helmet made for his own use in the battle field of Greece. That identical article, never worn as originally intended, but which must have covered the brain of the great poet "many a time and oft," is now the ornament of a house in South Boston. It is so small that nine heads out of ten trying it on would more than fill it. Flesh is not brains however.

OPENING OF THE LECTURE HALL OF THE NEW-ARK CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.—On Thursday evening last the Lecture Hall connected with the Young Men's Society at Newark was opened for the winter session. The Hall has been considerably enlarged and is now one of the largest in the city of Newark. The institution presents something new and useful in connection with the occupation of Catholic young men. Here we find a gymnasium, a ball court, a reading room, chess rooms and all that can afford innocent amusement, and at the same time enable those who are so disposed to turn their attention to literary pursuits. The Right Rev. Bishop was to have been present on the occasion, but was prevented by unexpected engagements. Doctor Brownson opened the meeting, by congratulating those assembled on the great progress which they had made in establishing a really useful institution. He told them that as he was suffering from a bad cold he would not occupy their time long, but make way for the orator of the evening, Doctor Huntington, who then proceeded to deliver a lecture on Theocracy, which gave great satisfaction to all who heard it. The subject was treated in an able and masterly manner. We shall not attempt to give a sketch of it, as in doing so we could not do full justice to it. The learned Doctor was frequently interrupted by the loud applause of his hearers. The Rev. Father McQuaid concluded the meeting, by thanking them for their co-operation in enabling him to enlarge the Hall and make other improvements. The Rev. George Doane, Very Rev. P. Moran, V. G., the Rev. Doctor Nelligan and several other clergymen occupied the platform.

SPECIAL MISSION FROM ROME TO JERUSALEM.—His Holiness the Pope has commissioned the Most Rev. Archbishop Spaccapietra, late of Saint Domingo and Trinidad, West Indies, to proceed from Rome to Jerusalem, in order to collect evidence, and report to the Sacred College on the causes which lead to so much excitement and tumult at the Holy Shrines annually between members of the Catholic and Greek Churches. The Pope is determined that these scenes shall cease, for he is well aware, although they are mainly caused by a religious fervor, that their recurrence is laid hold of by the enemies of the Church and Christianity as a handle to vilify them and produce a disbelief in the other. Archbishop Spaccapietra has a very important mission, which he, we doubt not, will perform in a manner gratifying to the Holy Father.

A letter from Cambodia, of the 7th of June, says:—Catholics are very numerous here, and come to us from all quarters. Mgr. Lefebvre, Bishop of Isaurapolis, first Apostolic Vicar of Western Cochinchina, has begun to build a church at Segon. The materials are brought in by the Christians, who display equal devotedness and industry.

Dr. Nichols' third Lecture, the "Popular Objections to Catholicity" is now ready at 371 Broadway.

The Lonely Heart.

Written for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.

'Tis sad to leave one's native home,
And sad from those we love to part,
But sadder 'tis to suffer, from
The throbbings of a lonely heart.

'Tis sad to view a stranger's grave,
Who sleeps in death from friends apart,
But sadder still to feel the slave
Of sufferings, from a lonely heart.

'Tis sad to think of thousands slain
On battle-field, by warriors' art,
But sadder still to feel the pain
That issues from the lonely heart.

'Tis sad to have the cold world's sneer,
And feel the pangs from scandal's dart;
'Tis hard, alas! 'tis hard to bear,
But naught compared with lonely heart.

'Tis sad to know that we have erred,
In sin and shame have borne a part,
But sadder still to have shunned the Word
That would have saved the lonely heart.

Then let us turn our thoughts to One
Who can alone such grace impart
As may retrieve the sins we've done,
And gladden the poor lonely heart.

Then Mary Mother, prayers of Thine
Unto thy Son, the King of Heaven,
Will save the hearts of me and mine,
Which unto Him, through Thee, are given.

Wellington and the Painter of Napoleon.

In the whole annals of Napoleon Bonaparte, there is nothing so touching as the fidelity evinced towards him in his adversity by many of those who had shared the good fortune of his earlier days. The time is come when we can look on the career of the wonderful Corsican with some degree of impartiality, and can do justice to such traits of personal devotion as those alluded to, which are rendered the more remarkable by the numerous instances recorded in history of an opposite line of behaviour. Among those most attached to Napoleon, alike in his prosperity and adversity, David the painter held a prominent place. He was the favorite artist of the Emperor, and showed, by his pictures of Belisarius, of Socrates, of Brutus, of the Horatii, of the Passover, of Leonidas, and finally of the Crossing of the Alps and Coronation of Napoleon, that, as an artist at least, he well merited the patronage of his master. After the coronation picture just mentioned had been finished, Napoleon went to see it in the studio of the artist. The courtiers who were with him, being all of them well acquainted with David, addressed him with congratulations of a very familiar kind, on his success. The Emperor checked them, remarking, in that pointed manner which gave a historical force to many of his sayings, "Gentlemen, be aware that M. David is a *baron of the empire*"—the first announcement the painter had had of the honor intended for him.

David, as has been said, repaid the favor and friendship of Napoleon with the profoundest admiration and reverence. It may be supposed, therefore, that the disastrous events of 1814 and 1815 were productive to him of unmitigated sorrow. He also suffered personally from the change in affairs, being proscribed and compelled to fly from France. He remained, however, as near its confines as possible, Brussels being the place where he took up his residence. Shortly after the final downfall of his old master in 1815, an incident took place which seems to us to have something affecting in it, and to be worthy of relation.

David continued his artistic labors at Brussels. Indeed, within a few months he collected round him a number of young painters, who sought with avidity his instructions in art. From the stirring nature of the scenes in which he had passed his life, he was enabled to mingle his professional lessons with numberless anecdotes, both personal and historical, and these he always made interesting, in spite of an impediment in utterance with which he was afflicted. He had received this mishap in a curious way. While prosecuting his childhood studies, being very poorly provided with money, he was obliged to board with people of the humblest grade;

and the wife of his landlord, on one occasion when he was, as she thought, improperly talkative, struck him a smart blow on the cheek with a table-spoon. The consequence was that a swelling arose in the interior, which lasted through life, and materially obstructed the movements of his tongue in articulation. The matter of the painter's converse, however, made up for all defects of manner. Above all others, Napoleon was his favorite theme, and one of which he never wearied. Fond regret mingled with his recollections of the Emperor. Nor did David check himself in his discourse on account of any particular individuals who might be present. Princes, nobles, and other august personages, sometimes visited the painter's studio, and however unpalatable the subject might be, were compelled to listen with patience to David's laudatory reminiscences of the Emperor.

The Duke of Wellington, generalissimo of the allied armies, and special inspector of the Low Country fortresses, came to Brussels. Being well aware of the presence of David in the city, he formed the resolution of visiting the artist and getting a portrait of himself executed. With this view he entered his carriage, accompanied by several of his officers, and desired the coachman to drive to David's house, "Rue Fosse-aux-Loups."

On stopping before the little green gate of the painter, the Duke and his company were at once admitted. They were shown into a dining-room, decorated in a more splendid way, in one respect, than the halls of monarchs. Pictures, from the hand of David, covered the walls of the apartment, and in almost all of them Napoleon and his deeds formed the subject. In one place he was seen scaling the Alps, in form and appearance the same as when the ancient sides of these mountains echoed in reality to "young Bonaparte's battle-cry." In another place he was seen in his imperial cabinet, dictating missives on which hung the fate of nations. All around the apartment, in short, the English visitors saw the lineaments of their late great enemy.

Madame David was informed by her domestic that an English party sought admission to the presence of the painter, and she went to her husband's studio to know whether or not he would see them.

"Yes," said he, in reply to her; "admit them here."

Although he said so, however, a change came over his countenance, which indicated the name of the English was not associated in his mind with agreeable emotions. He was at the moment engaged in painting his fine picture of Eucharis and Telephachus, and it was perhaps to dispel the feeling which had been excited by Madame David's announcement that, after answering her, he turned again to his task. He had his palette in one hand, and his brush elevated in the other, when the Duke of Wellington and his attendants entered the studio. David had already become so re-absorbed in his occupation, that he did not turn immediately round; but a movement of the visitors soon made him aware of their presence, and he turned his face to them. Then, for the first time, he saw their uniforms, and knew they were soldiers.

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing slightly, "to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

The chief of the party answered, "I am the Duke of Wellington."

At that name, the old painter—for he was now sixty-seven—grew first red and then pale, showing how much he was moved by the presence of the conqueror of his master and hero. He recovered himself, however, and said in a coldly civil tone, "In what can I serve you?"

Madame David, who had come to the door of the studio with the visitors, now retired, with some apprehension of a disagreeable scene.

"I was desirous," said the duke, in reply to the artist's question, "to see a painter so celebrated; and as you have painted Bonaparte"—

"You mean *the emperor*," said David, interrupting his visitor hastily, and reddening with anger.

"Precisely," returned the duke; "and I came to beg that you would execute a likeness of myself."

The old painter looked at the duke fixedly for a few moments, and then, with additional coldness in his manner, he said, "You know that I paint history only."

"Well," returned the duke, "I am no personage of romance. You have celebrated with your pencil the features of—this great man," pointing to a figure of Napoleon, "and I, too, am ambitious to be painted by you."

"Sir," replied the artist, with a mixture of emotions legible on his countenance, "I do not paint the English—I cannot paint the English!"

David averted his head as he spoke. Seeing the strength of the feelings which actuated him, the Duke of Wellington and his party retired in silence. The duke was evidently disappointed, but he was in all likelihood disposed also, in some measure, to respect the emotions of the old painter of Napoleon. David could not paint the overthrower of his master and friend.

Fannon's Mare.

A SKETCH FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The exploits of Fannon, the famous partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody-minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes sold the helpless and innocent in cold blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring, lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days, and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable; he drew his sword and rushed at his captain, swearing he would kill him. Fannon had stretched his light form on the sward, and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone," cried Fannon, in his quick and sharp tone. He lay still, calm, and self-possessed, with his keen dark eyes fixed upon the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword in the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame—"Thus, and thus, I punish those who disregard my authority!" and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth forever.

But "Fannon's Mare" is written at the top of this sheet, and she is the heroine of this present writing. Achilles had his Xanthus and Balisus, and Podarge; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood like them, and like them he had his favorite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better man." He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in color to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb, and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would.

Down on the east of Little river the partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter, a political opponent, from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man of his time; but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with half a dozen biter enemies? It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray, for his time was come. The poor man knelt

down, and seemed absorbed in his last petition to the throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by, and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered there was more of earth than heaven in Hunter's thoughts, for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks, and darted away like the wind.

The rifles were levelled in a moment. "Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon; "save my mare." The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle and fell sick at heart, but hope was before him, death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped. Through woods and ravines and brambles did that powerful mare carry him safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little river; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came. He drew the rein and clapped his heels to her side, and the gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skinned along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream, in the hope of evading his pursuers, and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal like lightning in the storm-cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favorite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock; but she planted herself on the shore at a bound, and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare.

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foe, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age.

A FIGHT—SNAKE AND DOGS.—Near the roots of many of these plants were holes resembling rabbit-burrows. Suddenly, one of the dogs (a spaniel) which had been hunting about at some distance in advance of us, gave a yell, which summoned the others to him, and we followed as fast as our bipedal powers would permit us. The dogs united in a general howl; and when we came up with them, we found them scratching almost madly in the neighborhood of one of the above-mentioned holes, but at a very respectful distance from it, for from its interior issued an indescribable sound, which might have appalled a lion. As near as I can convey the idea of it, it was a fierce hissing, mingled with a growl. Conceiving that the tenant of this asylum might be a weasel or some animal of that tribe, we poked at the aperture with our sticks, and cheered the poor dogs on to an assault. At length an enormous cobra de capello burst forth, furiously enraged. On the first appearance of his head, the four-footed tribe retreated a few yards, then halted, turned, and held the foe at bay, whilst the rational portion of the party commended themselves to the protection of those locomotive engines so well spoken of in Hudibras, and so naturally referred to on such occasions. On ignominious flight continued to the full distance of twenty paces, when we halted and faced about. We then witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. In the centre of a large circle formed by the dogs, rose the snake, with hood distended, and about a yard of his body erect, gracefully curved like the neck of a swan. In this attitude he wheeled rapidly round, fixing his diamond-like eyes, quickly as light, on any antagonist which, bolder than the rest, attempted to draw the circle closer around him. This war of "demonstrations" lasted for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the dogs barking furiously all the time, when one of them made a spring upon the reptile, when his head was partly turned in another direction; but he underrated the activity of his foe and was bitten. A general attack now commenced, and the snake was soon torn to pieces. He died not unavenged, as Byron says. Two dogs received their death-wound, each bitten in the upper lip. For about ten minutes afterwards their spirits appeared to be unreasonably excited; they began to sicken and retch, though they were unable to vomit; violent convulsions and death soon succeeded.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wake of the King of Spain.*

Arrayed in robes of regal state,
But stiff and cold the monarch sat;
In gorgeous vests, his chair beside,
Stood prince and peer, the nation's pride;
And paladin and high-born dame
Their place amid the circle claim;
And wands of office lifted high,
And arms and blazoned heraldry—
All make like marble statues stand,
Nor raise the eye, nor move the hand:
No voice, no sound to stir the air—
The silence of the grave is there.

The portal opens. Hark! a voice—
"Come forth, O king! O king, rejoice!
The bowl is filled, the feast is spread,
Come forth, O king!" The king is dead.
The bowl, the feast, he tastes no more,
The feast of life for him is o'er.

Again the sounding portals shake,
And speaks again the voice that spake:
—"The sun is high, the sun is warm,
Forth to the field the gallants swarm;
The foaming bit the courser stamps,
His hoof the turf impatient stamps;
Light on their steeds the hunters spring;
The sun is high—Come forth, O king!"
Along these melancholy walls.

In vain the voice of pleasure calls:
The horse may neigh, and bay the hound,
He hears no more—his sleep is sound.
Retire! Once more the portals close,
Leave him to his dread repose.

[Mrs. Barbauld's Works.]

* The Kings of Spain, for nine days after death, are placed sitting in robes of state, with their attendants around them, and solemnly summoned by the proper officers to their meals and their amusements, as if living.

GEOGRAPHICAL CIRCUMSTANCES AFFECTING THE DISTRIBUTION OF RACES.—In casting a rapid glance over the globe, we perceive at once that the parts that enjoy the mildest and most equal temperature, that most abound in rivers, and present the longest line of sea-coast, thus possessing the easy means of communicating with other places, are, or have been formerly also the most numerous peopled, and the most anciently civilized. In all countries, whatever may be their condition as to civilization, it is along the gulfs, at the mouths, or on the banks of rivers, that we find the densest population. Mankind, in their migrations and their increase, are subjected to laws as invariable as those that guide and control the lower animals. They spread themselves in all the places that offer them the means of subsistence, and stop where they find these no longer; and if we inquire, what is the order which they follow in their migrations, we find they are distributed by families, in the same manner as the waters are divided. If, for example, in any country, we ascend from the mouth of a river to the sources of both the main stream and its tributaries or affluents, we generally find, upon both banks, people belonging to the same family, speaking the same language, or dialects of the same language, and having similar manners and customs. This fact, which seems to exist in all countries, is most easily observed in those of Europe. Several large rivers rise in the Alps, near each other, but run to the sea in different directions. If we ascend the Po and its affluents, we find on all their banks people of the Italian race; if we ascend the Rhine and its affluents, we find on both banks people of the Teutonic, Dutch, or German race; if we ascend the Rhone and its affluents, we find people who speak the French language; but in the mountains, where all these river basins meet, there is found a confederation of different people, consisting of French, Italians, and Germans. These divisions are independent of political combinations, and of the kinds of government to which the people are subjected. Thus, those who dwell in the basin of the Rhone all speak the same language, although they are distributed among five independent governments, namely, France, Sardinia, Valais, Vaud, and Geneva. The people of the Rhine are all of the Dutch race, although divided among the governments of France, Switzerland, Prussia, Holland, and many others. The people of the basin of the Po belong all to the Italian race, although some of them live under the Swiss confederation, some

under Italian governments, and others are subjects of Austria. Diplomatic arrangements and political violence often disturb the natural divisions of people, but this order, though often shaken, can hardly ever be effaced. Unity of government will be found equally powerless in uniting people who are divided by natural arrangements. Piedmont and Savoy have been for centuries subjected to the same government, and yet the manners, language, and interests of the inhabitants of these two countries, are as distinct at this day as before they were politically united. In like manner, in Switzerland, Dutch, Italians, and French are united under the same federal government, yet each race preserves its distinctive characteristics. In France, successive governments have employed every possible means to give unity to the diverse races subject to their authority. The territory has been cut up into shreds; uniform legislation, administration, and systems of education, have been introduced into that country, and yet the desired object has not been attained. In France there are almost every where two idioms, that of the country and that of the seat of government; the former spoken by the mass of the population, and having for its natural limits the crests of the mountain ridges; the latter spoken out of its native country only by the agents of government and by the educated classes. Nor are the interests of these divided races less distinct than their languages. The same phenomenon is exhibited on a still greater scale in China. That country is divided into many natural provinces by the watersheds of its river-basins; each of these provinces has its own dialect and separate interests; and the agents of government, and the literary class, are obliged to communicate with the people in the vernacular tongue of the latter; but every where carry on their intercourse with one another by means of the language of Kiannan, the seat of the Imperial court under the last native dynasty. India, under the dominion of the Moguls and the British, is another instance; and almost every other country exhibits something of the same kind, varying, of course, with different modifying circumstances.

JOHN FITCH.—The following account of a new candidate for the honor of discovering steam navigation is given in Hall's Notes on the Western States of America, lately published:

"In 1783, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish Government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat, and in the year 1788 his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to ridicule the novel, and as they thought, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success, and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington—a distance of twenty miles—but, unfortunately, burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the

unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments, with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steamboats, and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. When an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish. And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: 'the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor Fitch can do anything worthy of attention.'

DUEL FOR THE HONOR OF ABERDEEN BUTTER.

THEL—Sir Walter Scott has alluded to the laird of Culrossie, "who fought a duel for the honor of Aberdeen butter" (Croker's Boswell, vol. iii. p. 38.) Would that he had told the story. It goes that an English gentleman supping in a Glasgow coffee room, ordered the waiter to remove the butter on the table and bring him better. The servant replied that his master had no better, for that was Aberdeen butter; and the Englishman was proceeding to growl in very audible terms at Scottish butter in general, and particularly Aberdeen butter when a gentleman from a neighboring box addressed him with, "That's nae true; Aberdeen butter is as gude butter as gae'd down you ha'se!" The consequence may be imagined; a challenge was promptly given and as promptly accepted, and the parties met. In the combat, which was with the small-sword, Culrossie was worsted; but, after thanking his adversary for his life, he added, "I'll say yet, that better butter than Aberdeen butter ne'er gae'd down a Southron's thrapple."

POWER.—The powerful will always be unjust and vindictive. M. de Verdone said pleasantly on this subject, that when the troops were on the march he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was almost always on the side of the mules. M. Duvernoy, so learned in natural history, knew by the inspection of the tooth of an animal if he was carnivorous or granivorous. He used to say, "Show me the tooth of an unknown animal, and I will judge of his habits." By his example, a moral philosopher could say, "Mark to me the degree of power with which a man is clothed, and by that power I will judge of his quality."

LEGAL ELOQUENCE.—A young backwoods lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of *quare clausum, frequit* with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes, then—yes, then indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died, in vain!"

FACETIÆ.

RIDDLE.—The French delight to try the esprit of children by a kind of riddles. For example: A man has a little boat, in which he must carry, from one side of a river to the other, a wolf, a goat, and a cabbage, and must not carry more than one of these at once. Which shall he take first, without the risk that, during one of his navigations, the wolf may devour the goat, or the goat the cabbage? Suppose he carry the wolf, the cabbage is lost—if the cabbage, the goat is devoured—if the goat, the embarrassment is equal; for he must risk his goat or his cabbage, on the other side of the river.

The answer is. He must take the goat first the wolf will not touch the cabbage; in the second passage he carries the cabbage, and brings back the goat in the third he transports the wolf, which may again be safely left with the cabbage. He concludes with returning for the goat.

REMARKS.—"I once heard Lord Broadlands who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, 'As sober as a judge?' It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. 'It is perfectly true,' replied the judge, 'as most of these old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as febrility is of a nobleman.' Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.' Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say—'I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and there are peers who richly deserve a drop. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due.'

TRUE APPRECIATION OF CRINOLINE.—It is impossible to make too much of the charming sex.

Miss M., a young heiress of considerable personal attraction, chanced to be seated at a dinner party next year, and was remarkable for the brilliancy of his wit, who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turned on the uncertainty of life. "I intend to insure mine," said the young lady archly, "in the Hope" (insurance company.) "In the hope of what?" said her admirer. "A single life is not worth insuring. I propose that we should insure our lives together, and if you have no objection, I should prefer the Alliance."

A lady thus addressed her servant in the presence of her guests: "Mary, relieve that burning luminary of the superincumbent dross that bears upon it."—"Ma'am" said Mary, confused at what her mistress could mean. "Take," said the lady, "from that luminous body its superincumbent weight of consumed carbon."—"Ma'am!" repeated Mary. In haste replied the lady, "Snuff the candle, stupid."

Some years ago, it is said, a party was travelling in a stage through the Jersey pines, and saw in the distance what they supposed was the frame of a log house. On approaching they found it was the skeleton of a mosquito which had starved to death, the flesh having fallen from the bones!

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action; as, Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?"—"Well, I don't know," answered the boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance possible, "without he holered!"

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her rosy little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of waistcoat buttons that my Jenkins has just bought?"—"Hem, no my love, but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

"Grippy, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it."—"Well, yes; I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me just now is to procure them."

Bill came running into the house the other day, and asked eagerly, "Where does Charity begin?"—"At home," replied Tom, in the words of the proverb—"Not a bit of it," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (C)."

"Do you know, sir, why Mr. Dash has changed his politics?"—"Oh, yes; he is one of the small-beer politicians, and beer will turn."

A lover may imagine himself discarded when he sees another's name on the wedding cards. His natural exclamation will be, "What's a miser?"

When a farmer is reaping, and hears the dinner bell ring, what disease is he generally seized with?—"A dropsical complaint (drop sickle)."

The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman, has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.

A friend who dines at the different restaurants announces the discovery that in these places tender meat is always very rare.

We suppose that the man who in the hour of danger turns pale and makes his escape, may be said to come off with flying colors.

"I know," said Tinney, "water is a fine thing, but it is so dreadful thin!"

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

PROGRESS OF THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

Difficulty between Spain and Morocco.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN SYRIA.

The Steamship Great Eastern to come to Portland and New York.

By the Borussia, Persia, and Kangaroo, we are put in possession of intelligence from Europe up to the 4th inst. The passage of all these vessels was delayed by the severe gales which swept over the Atlantic. The Persia was out sixteen days, which is the most protracted voyage that vessel has ever made, her usual time being from nine to ten days. A great deal of uneasiness was caused by her non-arrival at the expected time. The following are the details of the news:

IRELAND.

Our latest Irish lies differ in their reports on the condition of the Potato crop. The Cork and other southern journals state that the blight has appeared in a malignant form, and is very extensive, while the papers of the west and north assert that it is merely partial and will not affect the yield seriously.

AUSTRALIAN PACKET LINE FROM CORK.—The Royal Bride, screw steamer, 2,000 tons burthen, bound from Bristol to Melbourne with passengers and a general cargo, arrived in Queenstown about half-past three on Sunday, and steamed up opposite Glenbrook, where she cast anchor for the purpose of taking in additional passengers and cargo here. She is the first of a contemplated line of steamers between Bristol and Melbourne, which will make Cork a port of call. Most of her passenger accommodation having been engaged in Bristol, she will receive only twenty passengers here—including five first class—being all that she has room for. That number has been already engaged. She will also receive on board here about 300 tons of goods, including 2,500 firkins of butter. [Cork Examiner.]

DUBLIN AND MEATH RAILWAY.—The contractors have been put, this week, into possession of a good part of the land necessary for the construction of the line between Kilmesson and Clonsilla. This was withheld from the company for a considerable time, but has now been made available to them through the kind and liberal interference of John Joseph Preston, Esq., of Ballinier. Every part of the line is now open to the contractors, and judging from the specimens we have already had of their energy and promptness of action, we may not hesitate to say that the direct communication between this country and Dublin is in the very near prospective. In our notice last week of the bridge at Bective, we should have said that the works done between the 12th of July and the 20th August, included eighteen hundred yards, not feet merely, of solid masonry. The error could hardly mislead any one, for mason work is always counted in yards; besides so many piers sunk so deep and raised so high, and extending over such a space of ground must necessarily comprise more than eighteen hundred feet of mason-work. The centres are now being put up, and the bridge will soon be a finished thing as well of good taste and durability.

THE CURRAGE—EXCAVATIONS—ANTIQUITIES.

Some very interesting excavations are in course of operation at the Currage, under the conduct of Colonel Sir, T. Alexander and Captain M. Moore, A. D. C. to Lord Seaton, and already several objects of interest have been discovered. Shafts have been sunk in the Gibbet Rath in the hope of coming upon some of the secret chambers with which the layer of these curious earthworks abound. Nearly in the centre of the rath a silver coin of the reign of Egbert, A. D. 830, was discovered, and near it, but at a greater depth, an ancient quadrangular spear with square socket, in a high state of preservation. In the parapet was found an iron vessel eaten up with rust, but with remains of a handle and legs, apparently used for culinary operations. The antlers of a deer, with a quantity of bones, large teeth, and pieces of swords and arrows were discovered wherever the spade was put into the ground. Adjoining the Gibbet Rath is a sepulchral tumulus, which tradition among the country people assigns as the resting place of a monk and a nun from the adjoining abbey of Kildare. At a depth of about eight feet the digging party came upon a sepulchral urn surrounded by large stones, but which was unhappily broken by a pickaxe, within which were deposited human bones, pieces of a skull, and the teeth of a man, and near it a very ancient sort of spear head made of bone.

the favorite weapon probably of the departed. The urn, pieces of which have been preserved, is pronounced by Dr. Petrie to be a unique specimen in this country, it being of a black color, and having a sort of rude carving round the edge, and measuring when whole about two feet in diameter. A spear of rare shape was turned up close to the surface of the tumulus, but evidently more modern than the mound itself. These explorations are full of interest, and often furnish a clue to the history of times of which we can know little but by conjecture. It may be said, indeed, that the earliest history of Ireland lies hid beneath her soil, and it is much to be regretted that with the exception of the exertions of a few scientific men, nothing has been done to assist tradition in working out the history of our earliest times. We have enough of evidence, it is true, to tell us that at a time when the inhabitants of Britain were a Celtic barbarian, the Phœnician or other accomplished races had introduced into Ireland a high degree of civilization; but when we consider that the wealth of material, and the beauty of design, which dazzle us in the Royal Irish Academy, are but the result of accidental exploration, or the boon of private individuals, one is surprised that more national exertion is not made to throw additional light upon our darker ages. Who shall say what relics of early Christian history are not lying beneath the most discussed round towers, the "Túres Ecclesiasticæ" of Geraldus. We know, for instance, that Kildare for upwards of four centuries was particularly being sacked by the Danes, and what more likely than that these túres were made the hiding places of their treasures by the hunted monks. It is not a little singular that in the sister kingdoms, far inferior to Ireland in objects of archaeological interest, there is scarcely a yard of ground likely to contain historical relics that has not been turned over and over by the spade of the excavators. It needs but to awaken an interest in these subjects among Irishmen of wealth and position, and there is scarcely a dominion in the country which could not supply some monument of antiquity and yield up its relics to the explorer.

STEAMBOATS ON LOUGH ERNE.—A Company is about to be formed for placing a couple of steamboats on this beautiful lake, in order to develop the traffic along its banks. A sum of £1,500, or about one-fourth of the required amount, has already been subscribed by the gentry of the locality. It is proposed that one-half of the capital shall be provided by the railway company. [Tyronne Constitution.]

LOSS OF A WEXFORD VESSEL.—We regret to learn that a fine schooner of 87 tons, the Dove, Captain English, of this port, bound from Gloucester here with wheat, in coming down the river on Thursday last, got in collision with a French vessel, bound upwards, afterwards struck on the Groguey, and, within the course of an hour, sank in the Shoofs. The crew had sufficient time to save themselves and clothes. The cargo, we understand, was, as usual, insured, but we are not aware of any insurance on the vessel.

[Wexford Independent.]

HONOR TO MARSHAL MACMAHON.—On Thursday evening, Aug. 25, a numerous meeting of the Irish assembled in the spacious hall, Wallace street, Glasgow, to manifest their participation in the joy with which Ireland congratulates herself at the success of her illustrious sons throughout the world, and make arrangements for the collection of adequate funds to be applied for the purchase of a sword of honor for MacMahon, Duke of Magenta. Mr. Gilmour was moved to the chair amid loud cheers, and explained the objects of the meeting in an able speech, replete with Irish feeling and with historic proofs of the genius and chivalry of the Irish at home and abroad. His address elicited the most enthusiastic applause. Mr. John McLaren moved the first resolution in furtherance of the objects of the meeting in an argumentative and spirited speech, which was loudly cheered. Mr. O'Malley Burke read to the meeting a letter from Bishop Murdoch, explaining that the reason why he refused the school-room for holding the present meeting was because he considered the Duke of Magenta had displayed his prowess in an unjust war. Mr. Burke then proceeded to deliver an eloquent speech upon the object of the meeting, in the course of which he referred to the distinguished honors received by Irishmen in every foreign nation. After the appointment of an efficient committee for the collection of funds for the Sword of Honor, and an enthusiastic vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting separated.

[Glasgow Bulletin.]

THE POTATO DISEASE.—We regret to say that, so far as has come under our observation, in the rural districts, for many miles round the city, potato disease is becoming very general. In one instance that has come to our knowledge, a splendid field of fifteen acres, excellent land and highly cultivated, the crop on which was at one time expected to realise £500, is

now become absolutely worthless. In many cases half and even two-thirds of the crop have been lost. An esteemed correspondent informs us that the blight has set in with deadly virulence along the coast of Kinsale to Clonsilla. The crop in that district this year was about the same average breadth as it had been for the last three years, but in yield and quantity it had been greatly superior. Unfortunately, however, in no year has the tuber been so rapidly destroyed. The potato melts away almost when attacked. Whole fields have been abandoned as not being worth the cost of digging. With regard to the other crops in that district, the same correspondent states that wheat has been found not nearly so productive as in 1858; oats, on the other hand, is much more prolific, and barley less in produce, but far better in quality and condition. [Cork Examiner.]

ENGLAND.

The most important feature of the English news is the announcement that the Great Eastern would leave Portland, England, for Portland, Me., on the 29th inst., and thence to New York. She had not made her trial trip up to the latest dates.

The trade strikes still continue and were extending all over England. Over thirty thousand mechanics and laborers had refused to work until a satisfactory regulation had been made regarding the hours of labor and rate of wages. They were well sustained by money and popular sympathy. An "Anti-strike" organization had been perfected in London among the leading capitalists and employers. Mr. Cobitt was at the head of this movement and the end is not yet.

FRANCE.

The Emperor and Empress were absent from Paris, at the baths of St. Sauveur.

Amongst those who have refused to take advantage of the amnesty lately granted by the Emperor, are to be added the names of Barts and Charras. It is stated that Blanqui, Deleschule and Miot, who were transported, will accept it, so far as it relieves them from their present position, although they do not think it desirable to return to France.

A Paris dispatch says that the French government has intimated to Turkey that France would support the Suez Canal project.

The Newfoundland mail at Paris brought announcement of the full triumph of the French Admiralty over the English in a question concerning the fisheries.

ITALY.

Advices from Italy state that the people were becoming impatient at the inactivity of the Zurich Conference and the various contradictory reports touching their doings. It is also stated that Piedmont demands from Austria the cession of Mantua and Peshiera.

A Paris letter says there is no doubt that the Zurich Conference disagree about many points touching the peace of Villafranca, and the opinion is growing stronger every day that a Congress must be held.

The marriage of the Princess Mathilde, formerly daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and sister of the Empress of Austria, and of the Queen of Naples, with the Count de Trani, half brother of the King of Naples, which was to have been celebrated this year, will not take place, letters from Munich state, until the affairs of Italy shall have been completely settled. The hand of the Princess Charlotte, youngest daughter of Duke Maximilian, is promised to the Archduke Louis Victor, youngest brother of the Empress of Austria.

SPAIN.

Accounts from Madrid state that Spain had withdrawn her consul from Tangier and decided to demand satisfaction of Morocco for outrages at Ceuta. Orders had been given for the formation of an expeditionary corps of ten thousand men. It is suggested in the London papers that the firing on the steamer Indus, from Tarifa, was for the purpose of bringing her to, for the purpose of learning the state of affairs at Ceuta.

THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.

Advices have been received from Rome to the 27th inst. The Duke de Grammont had held a conference with Cardinal Antonelli on the subject of the reorganization of the Legations. It is asserted that the Government of Bologna had dissolved a regiment in which some Mazzinian volunteers had attempted to cause an excitement. One French division only will remain in Rome. The garrison of the Pope is on the march to Pesaro, where the troops are being concentrated. An earthquake had taken place at Noreia; 200 persons were killed and a large number injured; 9,000 of the population are encamped in the neighborhood of the town. The Pope has despatched assistance.

The latest reports from Bologna are, of a warlike tendency. It is stated that 8,000

men, under the command of General Kalbermatten, have marched towards Cattolica from Pesaro, and that an attack is expected every moment. The Moniteur di Bologna of the 26th, without affirming or denying the fact, calls on the people to be calm and confident, as the Government is prepared to meet any eventuality. It appears certain that 2,900 Swiss, with several pieces of artillery, have arrived within a short distance of Cattolica, and the Government have received despatches informing them that these are but the advanced guard of the Papal troops. These troops are said to be composed, not merely of Romans, but of Modeneses, who are favorable to the pretensions of the Duke, Swiss from Naples, who have been engaged by the Pope, and Austrian soldiers who have been disembarked at Ancona and dressed like a Papal army. Altogether they amount to 10,000 or 12,000 men. The Government have been further informed that the projected attack will coincide with the period for holding the elections, so as to influence them in a sense favorable for the authority of the Pope. On the other hand, the Government of the Legation is adopting the most energetic measures. The troops of Mezzecapo are full of warlike ardor. A messenger is sent off to Garibaldi every other day, and that General is gradually advancing from Ferrara, so as to be in a position to give effective aid if the necessity for it should arise. Telegraphic messages have since announced that Mezzecapo has advanced towards Cattolica at the head of his troops, and that the elections have taken place without the slightest disturbance.

The Government of Messieurs Popoli and their friends has got rid of the too notorious heroes of the Revolution of 1848. Gavazzi, Galletti, and Rambianchi, had to quit Bologna.

AUSTRIA.

It was reported at Paris on Thursday, that Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, was about to leave on a visit to Vienna. Uneasiness was felt in Paris on account of the Zurich Conference, and Metternich had declined.

SYRIA.

A letter from Beyrout of the 18th of August informs us that a sanguinary conflict took place in a village two leagues from that town, between the Druses and Christians, in which more than forty of the combatants were killed. Several houses occupied by Europeans were pillaged. The Governor of Beyrout sent 150 irregular cavalry to the spot, and order was restored, but too late, as the disturbance had extended to other villages, and it is feared that a general war will take place between the Druses and Maronites, similar to that which caused so much destruction in the year 1846. There are in Lebanon several extensive silk mills of great value, the property of Europeans, which, if the disturbances extend, will probably be destroyed.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

UNFAIR TAXATION OF CATHOLIC CITIZENS IN CINCINNATI.—The Catholic citizens who have noticed the return of the assessors throughout the city and county have now reason enough to know that whatever belongs to their Church will be most oppressively and unfairly taxed. Not content with taking all they can from us, endowing Protestant Orphan Asylums and Houses of Refuge with vast sums which we have to help to pay, and in which, though there are many children of Catholic parents, they are deprived of all religious instruction from the ministers of religion; but now, in addition to this heavy wrong, all our charitable and educational institutions have been placed on the tax list, and all valued by assessors at the very highest estimate! In this way we are taxed for exercising Christian charity. While the Protestant establishments are exempt altogether, or valued at so low a rate as to make the tax almost nominal, ours are all on the list and valued at the very highest notch. The Female Academy at Glendale, for which the proprietors gave \$30,000, appears on the assessors' list for the next year at an estimate of only \$6,000, while our schools and institutions are valued, not at what they would bring in the market, but at their first cost! This is equality with a vengeance. [Cin. Tel. and Adv.]

ORDINATIONS IN THE DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—The following are announced in The Telegraph and Advocate:

On Wednesday, the 31st ult., in the Chapel of the Provincial Theological Seminary of Mt. St. Mary's of the West, the Most Rev. Archbishop conferred Tonsure on Messrs. Michael O'Donoghue and William Wilkins of this Archdiocese; Messrs. Michael Lawlor, Terence Disney and Englebert Bachman of the Diocese of Louisville, and Mr. George Steiner of the Diocese of Fort Wayne.

On the same day the above gentlemen received the four Minor Orders, in company with Messrs. Joseph Fitzgerald and Anthony Mearns of this Archdiocese.

On Friday, Sept. 3, Rev. Messrs. Wilkins and Steiner were ordained Subdeacons, along with Messrs. William J. Halley and Timothy J. Tierney of this Archdiocese, and Mr. Peter Reutter of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood.

On Saturday, Sept. 3, Rev. Messrs. Tierney, Wilkins and Reutter received the Order of Deaconship, and on the day following, Sunday, the same Rev. gentlemen, along with Rev. Messrs. David B. Walker of this Archdiocese, and Joseph Gregory Dwenger of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, were elevated to the Holy Order of Priesthood.

May these young Priests and Levites ever prove worthy of their sacred calling!

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION IN CHARLESTON.
S. C.—On Tuesday last, 6th inst., at the Ursuline Convent, Columbia, S. C., assisted by Rev. Joseph O'Connell, D. D., and gave the white veil of noviceship to the following ladies who had completed their term of probation as postulantes: Miss Agnes Reilly of Philadelphia (in religion, Sister Mary Rose); Miss Rose Russell of Pittsburgh (in religion, Sister Mary De Ner); and Miss Eliza Ryan of Dublin (in religion, Sister Mary Josephine). He likewise gave the Black Veil of Profession, as lay sister, to Miss Catharine Moran of Rochester, N. Y. (in religion, Sister Mary Loretto), who had received the white veil two years ago in the Ursuline Convent of Brown County, Ohio. Owing to the smallness of the Chapel, this interesting ceremony was strictly private, only the community and the clergy being present.

Such a profession, just one year after the re-establishment of the Ursuline Convent in the Diocese of Charleston, is evidence that the Institution is already taking root. We understand that there are several applications to become members of the Institute, and that the number of pupils in the Academy is rapidly increasing. The house they have hitherto occupied being entirely too small, a large and commodious edifice—formerly the American Hotel—with ample grounds, has been purchased, and the exercises of the Ursuline Academy will commence in it, as announced, on Monday, 19th inst. [Charleston Catholic Miscellany.]

We learn from The Rochester Banner that Rt. Rev. Bishop Duggan, assisted by a number of the Rev. clergy, dedicated the elegant Church of the Immaculate Conception, situated on the corner of Franklin and North streets. The Rt. Rev. Prelate preached on the occasion. The church is 104 feet long, 50 feet wide, 39 feet high up to the wall plate, and 60 feet to the ridge of the roof. It is of the Gothic style of architecture. The ceiling is groined in three arches.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.
—The Church of the Assumption in Philadelphia, was solemnly consecrated September, the 11th inst., by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann. Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville. The Right Rev. Bishops of Charleston and Richmond were present.

DEDICATION OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. LAWRENCE, LOCUST POINT, MD.—According to previous announcement the Chapel of St. Lawrence, on Locust Point, was dedicated on Sunday last the 11th inst. A large number of persons crowded the inside of the chapel, whilst a great multitude were obliged to remain around the building. The dedication ceremonies were performed by the venerable Father Elder, who also sang the High Mass. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Thomas Foley. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was performed with a high degree of excellence and to the entire satisfaction of the congregation. It was under the direction of Mr. George Walter. This day forms a new era for Catholicity in that Southern extremity of the city, and as soon as a permanent pastor for the place is located there we will look with confidence for a rapid increase of the flock, and a realization of the fond hope now entertained of building a much larger temple for the service of God.

[Baltimore Mirror, Sept. 17.]
ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.—The Feast of St. Rose of Lima, the Patroness of the Young Ladies' Sodality, was solemnly and devoutly celebrated on Sunday last in St. Joseph's Church. The Most Reverend Rafael Valentin Valdivieso, Arch Bishop of Santiago de Chile, offered the Holy Sacrifice at half-past ten o'clock, at the altar of St. Rose. A solemn mass was sung at half-past ten o'clock, by the Rev. Miguel Rafael Prado, assisted by the Rev.

Franz Martinez Garfias and Thomas Sherin, S. J. A most eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Ryder, S. J., who, we are happy to state, is now stationed at St. Joseph's Church. The members of the Sodality, who in the morning had approached the sacred altar together, met again at half-past seven o'clock, P. M., and listened with delight to an interesting panegyric on St. Rose, delivered by Rev. Father Ward, President of St. Joseph's College.

The various day schools connected with St. Joseph's Church have been resumed. Besides the primary and grammar schools for boys in Walnut street, there is a select school for interesting panegyric on St. Rose, delivered by Rev. Father Ward, President of St. Joseph's College.

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FOREIGN.
COCHIN CHINA.
A letter from the French camp at Turon in Cochin China, of the 28th June, brought by the last mail from Hong Kong, confirms the intelligence already received of the terms likely to be agreed to for the reestablishment of peace, giving some additional details: "The bases of peace proposed by France have been accepted by the Emperor, and we expect here on the 2nd of next month three Annamite Plenipotentiaries to draw up and sign a treaty, to be afterwards ratified by the Annamite Emperor. It is not known positively what the bases of the treaty are, but it is believed, in well informed quarters, that they are to the effect that France shall retain Turon and Segon, shall have a minister permanently resident at Hue, the capital, and shall receive an annual tribute in money or kind; also, that the exercises of the Christian religion shall be authorized throughout the country, and that Spain shall receive on the coast of Tonkin a tract of land for a large colonial and maritime establishment. The position of the Emperor Tu Duc is represented to be desperate. He no longer receives supplies from Cambodia, which is the granary of Cochin China, and the Victory of Tonkin has stopped the supplies of grain and oxen which he was accustomed to send annually. It is on account of the gravity of this situation that the Emperor has accepted the offers of peace made to him. Although, however, the bases have been agreed to, the French are still making preparations to be able, if necessary, to attack Hue in July and August, when they will have reinforcements. But there is no probability of a treaty being definitely concluded."

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN BORNEO.—The Pays says: "A telegraphic despatch has announced, on the faith of advices received via Batavia, that a general massacre of the Christians took place on May 24 in the Dutch portion of the island of Borneo. That island the largest in the world after New Holland, is peopled by a great variety of races. The Dutch possessions there comprise eighteen States, of which only the Kingdom of Pontianak, founded about the middle of the Eighteenth century by an Arab named Abdul-Rachman, professes the Mahometan religion. It is not on that territory but in the Empire of Succadana where the Javanese religion prevails, that the massacre occurred. The inhabitants of Succadana adore Dionta, the great artificer of the world; also the shades of their ancestors; and lastly, certain birds, from which they draw auguries. The horrible massacre they committed has a political, not a religious cause. I cannot be imputed to the influence of pilgrims from Mecca, who, in addition to the considerations above-mentioned, are too remote from the island of Borneo to affect the Mussulmans residing there. Besides the last intelligence from the Red Sea states that the holy cities are perfectly tranquil, and that not the least appearance of agitation had been perceived among the pilgrims. The new authorities appointed by the Sultan show equal firmness and moderation, and the recurrence of the scenes of Djeddah is most improbable. The struggle in which Abdulla Basha is now engaged against the western tribes has nothing to do with religion. The Bedouins, against whom he is now in arms, are wandering tribes, whose sole object is plunder. Being hard pressed, they have just abandoned the town of Yambo after sacking it and murdering all the inhabitants who would not give up their property. The Turkish authorities seem determined to extirpate these savage hordes."

The Roman correspondent of The Ami de la Religion writes on the 30th ult. that on the 6th inst. the congregation of Rites will proceed to examine the miracles related to the canonization of the Venerable Mary Alacoque.

THE LATE REV. RICHARD O'CARROLL.—On Sunday morning last a touching and beautiful ceremony was witnessed at St. Francis

Xavier's Church—the inauguration of the exquisite white marble statue of the "Good Shepherd," erected through the pious munificence of the Catholic parishioners of the district, in memory of one of their late pastors, Rev. Richard O'Carroll, whose gentle, unassuming manners during the years of his ministry in this town had won for him the love and esteem of all Protestants as well as Catholics with whom he came in contact. He was, indeed, a living type of the "Good Shepherd," and "laid down his life for his sheep." An eloquent sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Richard Sumner, on the words, "I am the Good Shepherd: I know mine and mine know me," during which he feelingly adverted to the virtues of the deceased clergyman. This very beautiful and appropriate monument is from the chisel of Mr. Edwin Stirling, of Mount Pleasant, and will well repay the trouble of a visit. [Liverpool Journal, August 27.]

SECESSION FROM PROTESTANTISM AT CANTERBURY.—The Kentish (Eng.) Gazette states, that on Friday the Rev. E. H. Woodall, rector of St. Margaret's, Canterbury, issued a circular to his parishioners announcing his having joined the Catholic Church. The event has occasioned great regret in Canterbury, where Mr. Woodall's private character had earned him respect and where his charities were numerous.

DEATH OF A CARDINAL.—A Roman correspondent says: The Sacred College has lost another of its members in the person of Cardinal Falconieri-Mellini. He died on the 22nd at Ravenna, of which he was the Archbishop since the year 1825. With this Cardinal becomes extinct one of the most distinguished Roman and Tuscan families, and Ravenna has lost a prelate who was the protector of the poor. His Eminence was likewise Secretary of the Memoriali at Rome, a position formerly of great importance.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC PARTY.—The author of "Rome and its Rulers" makes the following announcement in The Cork Examiner: "We are happy to state that steps have already been taken to convene a meeting of the Irish liberal members on an early day in Dublin, for the purpose of promoting the policy enunciated by the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops in their pastoral address."

ORDINATIONS.—On Sunday, Aug. 28, Cardinal Wiseman ordained the following gentlemen in his private chapel at York place: The Rev. Thos. Graham, Deacon; and the Rev. Messrs. Walter Richards and Thomas John Chapel. Priests. His Eminence afterwards received the religious vows of two Sisters of the Holy Name of Mary, at St. Ann's Church, Spital fields; and on the previous Friday, the Cardinal officiated at a Profession at the Benedictine Convent, Hammersmith. On Saturday his Eminence visited St. Edmund's College.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL MISCELLANT.

His Holiness the Pope has addressed a letter to General Santana, the President of the Dominican republic, congratulating his Excellency on his accession to power, and confirming the presentation of Dr. Don Antonio Maria Cerezo as Archbishop of the diocese now vacant in St. Domingo. The local papers are highly pleased with the action of the Pope, which has given the Dominicans an Archbishop selected from among the people of the country.

Monsignor Spacca-Pietra, who was Archbishop of Trinidad, has arrived at Rome. This learned prelate, who is a member of the congregation of the Lazarists, has resigned the Archbishopric of Trinidad, where he resided six years. The Holy Father has commissioned him to proceed to Jerusalem, to inquire into the serious differences which exist between the Latin Patriarch and the Franciscan Friars who are in possession of the holy places.

On the night of the 17th ult. some robbers entered the Church of St. Mark, at Milan, and carried off several ornaments in gold and silver, which were in two of the chapels, and also the whole of the sacred vessels.

Lord Henry Seymour has bequeathed, it is said, a million of francs to the charitable institutions of Paris.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris consecrated some new charitable schools in the Rue Sorbeau on the 29th of August. They have cost more than 600,000 francs.

Werkenen are now being employed in the Rue de la Harpe, Paris, in taking down the remains of the old College de Bayeux, founded in 1308 by Bishop Bonnet. The ogival gate-way which opens on the street will be removed with great care, the historical capitals being very curious.

The Duguay Trouin, which is about to leave

Havre for Chili, has among the passengers thirteen male and fifteen female members of the religious Order of Picpus, on their way to Oceania.

The new church of Mount St. Alphonsus is progressing most admirably. On Sunday there was a collection in the three chapels of Tarbert, Ballylongford, and Aste, diocese of Kerry, in aid of the building of the church, at which the sum of £112 8s. 5d. was collected. [Limerick Reporter.]

DEPARTURE OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF OREGON CITY.

A Large Company of Clergy and Religious for the Dioceses of Oregon City, Nesqually, and Vancouver's Island.

The Most Rev. Dr. Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon City, arrived in New York on Saturday the 17th inst. from Montreal, having in his company thirty-one persons, who are destined to supply the requirements of his own diocese and the dioceses of Vancouver Island and Nesqually. On Sunday the 20th inst., he celebrated Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. His Grace left this city last Tuesday in the California steamer, the same in which General Scott took his departure for San Juan. In addition to the company which he takes with him for the purposes already stated, he is accompanied by the Very Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet.

Of the company, twelve are Sisters of the Order of Jesus and Mary, who will take charge of the schools which are to be established in Portland, in the diocese of Oregon City, where a large house was purchased by the Most Rev. Archbishop in 1887 for this purpose. There are also for the same diocese the following clergy: Rev. Messrs. Piette, who is to officiate as chaplain to the Sisters, Poulin, Malo, and Crocquet. The last named priest is from the American college at Louvain; the other three being from the Diocese of Montreal.

In addition to these there are several assistants for the Sisters.

For the Diocese of Nesqually there are in the company two Sisters of Charity, who will join the seven Sisters already established there in charge of a hospital, an orphan asylum, and a school, which is well attended and in excellent condition.

For the Diocese of Vancouver's Island there is one clergyman, Rev. Father Baudry, and a Brother of the Order of St. Viator, who will co-operate with the two others already there. There are also two Sisters of St. Ann for the same Diocese, who will co-operate with the four Sisters of the same Order who are established at Victoria.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Oregon City speaks in the warmest manner of the generous hospitality which he received at the hands of the Archbishop of Quebec and the Bishops of Montreal, St. Hyacinth and Three Rivers. He also received the most substantial and prompt assistance from these Prelates, for which we are requested to make his sincere acknowledgments. He was in want of the necessary means to defray the expenses (amounting to \$8,000) of the numerous company already referred to, and as soon as the fact became known to the Bishops of the Diocese already named, they took the necessary means to raise the required amount. Collections were taken up, the Diocese of Montreal contributing \$1,050, and the Dioceses of Three Rivers, Quebec and St. Hyacinth contributing \$1,019. Nearly \$4,000 more were received, but this was furnished by a resident of Montreal whose truly Christian liberality is beyond all praise. We should state in regard to the Catholics of the Dioceses named, that the amount contributed by them is in addition to what they have already given for the propagation of the faith. We should also remark that the Clergymen and Sisters are from the same Dioceses.

The Archbishop also desires in this manner to return his thanks for the courtesies and attentions which he received from the companies of the railroads from Montreal to New York. A separate car was provided for the Most Rev. Prelate and his company.

On the morning of his departure Archbishop Blanchet celebrated Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken, where prayers were offered for the success of the Mission.

The Most Rev. Prelate was the guest of the Archbishop of New York during his stay in this city.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY, Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a vast variety of useful, interesting and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be fully informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

The care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve. Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous section both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1852.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... \$3.00
 Price per year served by mail..... \$2.50
 Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2.00
 To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for \$2 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$2.50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
 To transient advertisers..... 12 1/2 cents per line.
 To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.
 No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

Orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, (3d floor) will be promptly attended to.

JOHN MULLALLY, Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

THE ADDRESS OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY—OPERATION OF THE ENGLISH POOR LAW IN IRELAND—ITS INFLUENCE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF POPULAR DEGRADATION AND CATHOLIC OPPRESSION.

In the year 1839—just twenty years ago—the English Parliament voted that the heartless and cruel Poor Law system of Queen Elizabeth should be introduced into Ireland, and the first bastille for the imprisonment of the pauper natives, to be cut off from the communion of children and kin on account of their purity legislated into a crime, was opened in 1840. Great Britain never used a more subtle agent for purposes of social disorganization, popular degradation and Catholic oppression and proselytism, either in Ireland or any other one of her subjected provinces than this same law; nor was any measure ever before advocated by her rulers and representatives on such purely hypocritical grounds. Really directed, as it was, against the cardinal virtue of charity and the necessity of faith in the efficacy of good works, it was actually argued in the House of Commons as a measure founded on principles of true charity, tending to give the pauperized Irish a "right to relief on the soil," and thus improve the condition of the tenant farmer by forcing the landlord to feel an interest in his welfare, and prevent him becoming a "charge" on the land taxes, and so forth. The specious plausibility of such pre-arranged arguments deceived Ireland and Europe, and made the millions for a moment believe that England had changed her policy and become humane, so that when the late Mr. O'Connell—who was never more logically convincing, patriotically eloquent, or mournfully prophetic—opposed the measure in the Commons in 1837 and 1838 with all his energy, many of his friends deserted him, more blamed him, and his last asser-

tion—"You might as well think to dig down the mountain of Mangerton with a spade as relieve Ireland with a Poor Law"—was only listened to to be laughed at, and just twenty-nine votes supported him in a full House. What is the consequence? The poor houses were built and opened in 1840, as we have said. During the first twelve months there were four houses in operation, the inmates of which numbered ten thousand nine hundred and ten persons, a great many of whom were collected in the "high ways and by ways" by the newly-elected officials and their friends as a means of keeping the machine going and thus retaining their situations. During the next five years the pauperism of the land, as officially registered, appeared to increase daily instead of diminishing, as it was said it would, through the economical influences of this greatest and first of Protestant radical cures; for we find that in the year 1846 there were one hundred and twenty-nine houses open, which contained two hundred and forty-three thousand persons, and cost the country, for management and support, \$2,175,005.

This enormous sum was raised directly by a tax apportioned on the working tenants, who were forced to pay immediately, although they were to be afterwards allowed a per centage proportion from the landlord on payment of the rent. Not being much in the way of accountants and frequently in arrears for rent, the small farmers never had a beneficial reduction on this account, so that the amount stated above was just so much taken from the profits of Irish agricultural industry, tending by a slow but certain process to bring them down to the level of the pauper towards whose support they contributed. The earliest Irish experience of the *morale* of the English Protestant measure is to be found in a number of clerical forgeries on the Poor Tax Treasurers, very many false audits of accounts, and a very general system of stealing from the bastilles, both by the paupers and by the persons elected to take charge of their conduct, discipline and primary education. These matters are all on record in the head office in Dublin at this moment, and prove that, during half a dozen years, the new system made many persons dishonest, and improved the condition of no one class.

The workhouses of Ireland were built on a scale adopted by the political economists of England after they received an elaborate report from an expensive commission of inquiry, which assured the people that they would never be filled, and would be found always sufficiently ample to accommodate every unfortunate who would apply for admission. O'Connell had warned them, "Whenever you turn one person from the door for want of room inside, your system fails, and fails most fatally should only one pauper die of want." He was replied to by a cold array of figures collected by the commission in Ireland and referred to the working of the English system. What was the end? In the year 1847 there was a pretty general failure of the potato crop. Had the Poor Law stimulated, during the foregoing seven years, the landlords to a more humane concern for the well-doing of their tenants, the visitation might have been tied over in a great measure. But they did not, and, as a class, they would not do so. Look at the effect as exhibited by the Poor Law itself.

In 1847 there were four hundred and seventy-nine persons caged up in one hundred and thirty houses, and, although the staple crop had failed very generally, the tenantry still holding to the land had to pay \$4,018,430 in taxes in order to keep them up. People may justly presume that from 1840 to 1847 a number of able bodied young persons had grown up inside the walls—the

lads of nine years being then sixteen—who could come out and earn their own support. True there were some hundred males and females of that age, but—as if Providence in his wisdom had intended to rebuke and lay bare the cruel fallacies of the English hypocrites—scarcely one dozen in every two hundred and fifty of the boys were found fit for any species of labor as the heated and pent-up atmosphere of the school-rooms and dormitories of the pauper prisons, combined with the continual use of poor oat meal and coarse bread diet, had tended to bring to a melancholy maturity every seed and taint of hereditary disease, such as scrofula, phthisis, gonorrhea, Saint Vitus' Dance or Insanity, to which they were liable, but which had been in process of natural dilution and neutralization by means of the fresh air and pure water which they enjoyed when going from door to door and through the green fields, with their parents feeding on the miscellaneous but mostly healthful dishes handed to them out of unadulterated charity.

The priests who were stationed in the parishes which contained the Poor House, had, during the seven years now spoken of, pretty free access to the buildings but were not regularly attached to them nor at all officially recognized by the law. As the Catholic inmates of the places were collected from over a large area, and very many different parishes, the local clergyman enjoyed no insecure, having to perform all the duties required of them free of charge, and in addition to their own parochial labors. Being only just tolerated in many places as "Father so and so," the priest had to confine himself pretty much to the administration of the sacraments to the, the exhorting of the aged and infirm, and an occasional catechizing of the children of his own persuasion; the school system, be it remembered, being that of the so called "National" Board of Education and the celebration of the Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays. On the original plan-maps of the houses an altar was marked out for the use of the Catholic priest. This structure was generally fixed in the end of the great dining hall and enclosed in a large wooden box with doors like those on a tenant house closet in New York. In this were placed all the sacred vessels used during the service, but within a few years it was likewise made a receptacle for cooking utensils, dirty clothes, loose table furniture and so forth, so that the younger portion of the unfortunate community soon lost, perceptibly, that feeling of reverence for the "things of the altar" which every Catholic possesses. This the clergyman was utterly unable to arrest not having the power of free action.

The avenging days, the "*Dies Iros*" of God were at hand, when, by the most dreadful calamity sent on any devoted people in modern times, the Creator himself was to tear the impostor's mask from the surface of the British Code and exhibit to the whole world her merciless system of rule and the legislative and landlord cruelties by which Protestantism and a feudal proprietary were to slay almost two millions of fellow subjects and fellow men.

In 1848 the potato crop failed completely. The English workhouses in Ireland failed, and, as O'Connell predicted, for want of room inside, turning thousands away daily unrelieved, and thus permitting them to die like animals in the ditches by the wayside. Americans will read the figures with dismay.

In the summers of 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851

and 1852 the operation of the Irish Poor Law exhibited the following statistics of pauperism, death and money expenditure:

Paupers in	Paupers out of	Total	Cost.
Yrs. 1848-52	1,438,040	2,515,505	\$9,178,170
1849	1,306,452	2,142,776	10,882,282

* A system of outdoor rations (?) was commenced when the workhouses were crammed to overflowing.

1850	1,308,702	865,565	1,174,267	7,180,640
1851	1,707,448	47,814	753,247	3,795,985
1852	1,604,864	14,911	519,776	4,416,885

What a mournful array of facts! When we meet a poor, broken-down Irish farmer in our streets, do we ever reflect that he paid his quota of \$37,341,585 during five years for the purpose of giving life to his pauperized and half-starved countrymen? But notwithstanding this vast sum, about one and a half million of them died from pure starvation, owing to the operation of an English law. Look at the reduction in the numbers on the Poor Lists—from one and a half million in 1848 to half a million in 1852. Can we tell what became of the balance? Yes. They died of starvation, famine, fever, cold, unhealthy provisions, nakedness and oppression, and so perished by British law in the land of their birth, which, under any other Government on earth, could support fifteen millions of people instead of six, as now.

During these fearful years the Catholic priest was a welcome visitor to the poor-houses. He was paid; he was made an "officer" of the staff. Why? Because he was needed night and day to minister to the clammy and death-sweating skeletons who filled the places with famine, fever and plague, and, by so doing, calm the disgust which the remnant of Ireland's sons who were still solvent felt at the operation of the law. When fifteen or twenty poor Catholics died in every twenty-four hours, the priest was often wanted—as he has done—to carry in his arms the poor, fever-stricken penitent from his bed out of hearing of Protestants, confess him in a corner, anoint him, and bear him back to his straw pallet and then close his eyes. These were then the duties of the Catholic chaplains, and to these they devoted themselves. But, as is the case during all plagues or famines, demoralization the most widespread and corrupting, the most open, raged and spread in the very houses of death. Honesty, morality, and even religion itself, were forgotten by the healthy, who did not know how soon the fearful summons would be given them. Protestantism stood by and saw it approvingly; for, as its introduction into England was brought about by individual and national licentiousness, so it hoped to seize on the poor living remnants of the Irish peasants, and seize by corruption what was spared by famine. It has partially succeeded. When death had done its work, the most refined system of proselytism, by means of place, money and threats of ejection from the houses, was applied to the thousands of orphan children, the thousands of aged and decrepid, and the hundreds of employees left behind. The Commissioners in Dublin, aided by fanatic union clerks and Orange magistrates, got rid of the Catholic chaplains in nearly every workhouse, assuming the right of their Bishops to appoint or remove, as they pleased.

Under the pressure many Catholics have fallen off; female school teachers, as we know, born and reared by good, pious parents in Dublin—but taught by the "National Education Board"—becoming the most active agents of Protestantism after losing the faith themselves.

Well might the Catholic prelates of Ireland, lately assembled in Synod in Dublin, "weeping for their children," remark:

"As the fathers of the poor, the widow and the orphan, we complain, and we have grave cause to complain, of the working and administration of the Poor Law in Ireland. And we say, that the physical condition of the poor in the workhouse is wretched in the extreme, and that it contrasts most unfavorably with their condition in times gone by, when, under the dispensation of Catholic charity, they were cared for with the utmost tenderness!"

"Again, what shall we say of the want of decent places, means and furniture for the celebration of the Divine mysteries of our religion? of the common dining-hall of the paupers being the only Chapel, and the table at one end of it the only Altar for the Holy Sacrifice? of the want, so deeply felt, of any place in most of our workhouses to which a devout inmate could retire for private prayer? Ireland, how could we mean by unnoticed the danger to the faith of Catholic chil-

dren in Workhouse Schools under Protestant teachers, and the attempt to Protestantize, by force of pretended law having no real existence, the poor deserted children of Catholic children?"

Mourningly have the imprisoned paupers respond: "The earth is given into the hand of the wicked; he covereth the faces of the judges thereof."

PROGRESS OF NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE—A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE RECORD.

The American people are emphatically a reading people. There is no country in the world where so many newspapers of all kinds are published, good, bad, and indifferent, and none in which there is such an army of publishers as in our own. In this city alone there are about one hundred and sixty published, and these have an aggregate yearly circulation of somewhere near one hundred and seventy-five millions of copies. This is what we call doing a large business, and we believe there is no other city, either in the Old or in the New World, that can approach to anything like these figures in this particular department of enterprise. It is in fact very little less than one half the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds circulated in the United States. Within the last twenty years a great impetus has been given to the business, and such has been its wonderful development and progress during that comparatively brief period that in many essential particulars it is far and away ahead of the London press. Here, for instance, we have The N. Y. Herald announcing its intention to give full reports—and we know something as to what that means—of the debates in Congress by telegraph, and that to comply with the growing business it will be obliged at no very distant date to issue a daily quadruple sheet. If this one instance is not an evidence of the progress of newspaper enterprise we should like some one would tell us the meaning of the term. It may be said that The London Times publishes the reports of Parliament in full but it is well to remember that the reports are not telegraphic and that they do not amount to one-tenth what they would cost if sent by telegraph a distance of three or four hundred miles.

As a general thing people have no idea of the expenses of a first-class newspaper establishment, and when they talk of starting a daily paper on a capital of one hundred thousand dollars they only show how little they understand about the matter. Of this amount it would take about forty thousand dollars a year for the salaries of editors and reporters alone, while the composition department would require a still larger yearly amount.

Now we have given our readers just an idea of newspaper enterprise as it exists in New York, but if it continues to advance during the next ten years as it has progressed in the last decade, we should not be surprised to see the most enterprising of our dailies establish a telegraph line or telegraph lines of its own between those points where they would be most required for the transmission of news to our Metropolis. For our own part, we have no doubt that the matter of our leading daily papers will, before the lapse of many years, be furnished mainly by telegraph, and that the only portion which will not be supplied will be city news, editorials and, of course, advertisements. As for this last important department of the daily paper, we may say that it is not an unusual thing to telegraph an advertisement to secure its early publication.

The Weekly Press of New York, on account of its peculiar advantages of location—our Metropolis being the great central point to which all the various interests of the country converge—has been enabled to keep up with the progress of the Daily, although, from the distinctive characters of the two clas-

ses, there could not of course be such a thing as rivalry or competition between them. The matter of the former is of a different kind, as it is mostly for family reading. We have said it is of a different kind, but this remark only applies to some, for there are a very considerable number published in this city that are nothing but a rehash of the dailies, and their columns are thus filled with what has ceased to be news. The best of them are nothing more nor less than second-hand papers—literary junk shops—and they need never think of being able to cope with those which are made up in great part of original matter. It should, in view of this, hardly be a subject of surprise if such papers should die out after an ephemeral existence of half a year or so.

It has always been the object of The Record to supply its readers with such reading as they cannot find in other papers, and to furnish them with full and correct reports of such matters as possess a particular and exclusive interest for them. We know they will bear testimony to the statement when we say The Record is the first Catholic paper in this city that has given detailed reports of our School commencement, and that has kept the Catholic public of this and the other dioceses of the Union fully informed in regard to the progress of Catholic education. It has also been our object to let them know what the Catholic community of New York have done and are doing for benevolent and charitable enterprises, and in this and other ways we have endeavored in our line to keep up with the progress of the New York daily papers in theirs.

Our efforts in this work have, we are glad to acknowledge, been thoroughly appreciated, as the long list of educational institutions in our advertising pages affords ample evidence. We may also add that The Record has found its way into nearly every Catholic College, Academy and School in the country. We state this fact because we believe that it will be gratifying to all our friends, and also because we regard it as an earnest of still greater success which is yet in store for us. The Catholic population of the United States is about three millions, which would give an average of six hundred thousand families, of whom it is not too much to expect that one out of every six will, in course of time, subscribe for our paper. There are, it is true, a large number of Catholic periodicals already in existence, but there is room enough for all, and working as we are in the same cause which they have sustained for years, we wish them every success.

ANNUAL PROVISION CONTRACT OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT—AMERICAN PORK EXCLUDED BY OFFICIAL ORDER.

The terms of contract for supplying the British army and navy with mess beef and pork during the military year from 1860 to 1861 have been made known in the form of printed tender sheets, circulated from Somerset House, London. These papers contain a clause which is very important as regards the agricultural and trading interests of a very large class of persons and capitalists both in Ireland and the United States, viz: "The supply is to be purely the produce of Great Britain and Ireland, the pork being specially prohibited from being American."

Now the quantity required next year happens to be very large, amounting, as stated by government, to four thousand five hundred tierces, and three thousand eight hundred barrels of navy beef; and nine thousand tierces and thirteen thousand barrels of pork. From reading the paper it is not very clear that American beef is excluded, and some of our New York houses forwarded tenders for that article,

duly filled up, to London by the last steamer, but as to the rejection of American pork there can be no doubt. This will affect our western pork market in no slight degree, and bring down the price of rough descriptions considerably.

England has been influenced in this instance by two prominent considerations of economy. At one time she had on her statute book a law which forbade the importation of Irish cattle into England but the extraordinary fertility of the soil and the nourishing qualities of the green pastures of the country overruled her prejudices by the feeding up of herds so fine and tempting that—as in many other instances—John Bull placed his feelings of religion in obedience to the cravings of his stomach and in the end consented to take and eat the beeves and pigs fed by good Catholics.

Owing to the death and exile of so many thousands of Irish Catholic farmers the English economists have had an opportunity of testing the merits of their favorite theory of "consolidated" farms with a small population so that one farmer now tills as much Irish soil in many instances as would have maintained from one to three hundred families, with five persons in each, fifty years since. To make this experiment successful it is necessary that England should encourage these men, a necessity which has furnished the moving cause towards the alteration of the contract stipulations. This matters little, however, to small Irish farmers who may still remain in the land, for they will obtain a ready market and profitable sale for their pigs with the contractors, which is always of very great use to them.

The exclusion of American pork will not affect our farmers, or hog packers, except by a lowering of prices for a moment, for they are independent and wealthy. We must, however, say that they may take a profitable lesson from it as regards the morale of trade, for as England does not go to Ireland from love, it is said she leaves us for the reason that her former contracts were very badly filled and that pork far below the quality paid for and furnished was sent over to her yards in almost every instance. Thus her second excuse for the change is financial economy and we cannot blame her very much. John is very strict in contracts, if they are not of a political or territorial nature; for such as these he will break without conscience as seen from the capitulation of Limerick to the capture of Hong-Kong and the annexation of Oude. To be cheated in the quality of his food or that intended for his navy and army is a thing he cannot endure as it might ruin the "constitution" and affect his "destiny." Hence he turns his back on Cincinnati and sends his cash to Connaught.

THE STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN AND THE GALWAY STEAMSHIP LINE.

The Directors of the Great Eastern Steamship Company in London have refused the final offer of Mr. Lever, proprietor of the Galway Steamship Line, to charter their monster vessel in order to run her on her first trip from Galway to New York. Mr. Lever's proposal was so spirited that, had it been accepted, it would involve him in an expenditure—for outfit, insurance, coaling, port charges at both sides of the ocean, and manning ship—of over two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. There is little doubt but Mr. Lever, with his extraordinary facilities for promoting steamship enterprise, would make the speculation pay; however, as his sincere friends, we do not much regret that he has been refused the opportunity of entering into it.

His movement in the Galway Steamship Line to the United States has been a decided success already, and has conferred many advantages on Irish people—emigrants, traders and manufacturers. A

steady development of the utility of the new means of communication will increase this good many fold. Consequently we fear, if the Great Eastern had gone to Galway, the excitement that would be caused by her presence, the expenses which would attend her departure, and the immense number of passengers which she would take away at one time, might, perhaps, lessen that fostering care for and popular good feeling towards the other Galway steamships just now producing such very happy results.

We would advise our countrymen on the other side to "hold on" to the present line; and in this connection we are glad to learn from our last advices that Mr. Charles Palmer of Newcastle-on-Tyne is making great headway with the new and magnificent steamers intended for Mr. Lever's service at Galway. They will be ranked among the first vessels ever designed, be highly ornamented with oil-painted views of Irish and American scenery, and capable of dining two hundred first class passengers at one table. There is little doubt but they will make twenty miles an hour, and when they are completed it is likely that a vessel will start weekly from Galway for the United States. Of the shares to be disposed of by the Company at present two English capitalists have offered to take: one, \$1,250,000; the other, \$500,000; but there was a probability that almost all of the sum would be taken in Ireland.

Nations, like men, must "creep before they walk," and we regard the Galway steamships of Mr. Lever as a powerful aid to the infantile struggles of Ireland. The Jason, on her late outward trip, took over seven hundred passengers from Galway, with a heavy cargo of Irish goods, all the money connected with the shipping of both going into the pockets of Irishmen instead of Liverpool runners and agents. When the Jason left New York last Thursday she had over three hundred passengers for Galway, who will spend much money there.

So long as this continues, give us the Galway line for Ireland, and let John Bull look after the ocean leviathans for the time being.

ILLNESS OF POPE PIUS THE NINTH.—We regret to state that letters from Rome, dated on the 27th of August, received by the Borussia, convey the intelligence that the Holy Father was then suffering under a severe attack of erysipelas in one of his legs, which confined him to his room in the Palace of the Vatican. The annual *fete* of St. Louis, King of France, was duly solemnized in the French Church, but the Pope was unable to attend, as is his custom, in consequence of the attack. On leaving the Church, at the conclusion of the services, General Count Guyon, Commander-in-chief of the French troops in Rome, attended by all his aides-de-camp and staff, repaired to the Vatican to inquire after the health of his Holiness. A special envoy from the Emperor Napoleon had been admitted to an audience of the Pope, on the subject of the present crisis in Italian politics.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati passed through this city last week on his return home from Boston. Our readers are already aware that he was present at the laying of the corner stone of the new Catholic church of St. Francis de Sales, on which occasion he delivered a most eloquent discourse, an abstract of which appeared in The Record of the 17th inst.

THE COMMENCEMENT AT THE ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT.—There was an increased demand for last week's Record on account of the full and detailed report which it contained of the Commencement and Distribution of Premiums at St. Vin-

cent's Academy, Pont Hill. As we expected this, we had a larger edition printed than usual, and we are still prepared to supply those who may desire to have them sent by mail to their friends in any part of the United States or Ireland.

The extended space which we have always given to educational matters has already rendered the Record indispensable on such occasions, at least to those who take an interest in the great movement the success of which is so forcibly illustrated by the Institution in question. We need only say that we are gratified by this substantial approval of our efforts, and that we shall continue to give that prominence to all occasions of the kind which their interest and importance demand.

What is Jesuitical?

We copy the following letter from The New York Tribune, to the editor of which it was addressed by Dr. T. L. Nichols:

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir:—In the seventh resolution of the Anti-Sabbatical meeting at "Volks' Garten," it is asserted that a certain Sabbath Committee "have acted, and are acting, in a most base and Jesuitical, as well as abusive manner."

How Jesuitical? Had they said Puritanical, or Methodistical, or Calvinistical, there might perhaps have been sense, or at least consistency, in the epithet. But why was it necessary that people, who approve of the Catholic mode of keeping Sunday as a joyful festival and a day of peaceful rest and innocent recreation, should go out of their way to insult all Catholics as they have done in this resolution?

If the "Reverend" gentleman, who seems to have taken the most active part in getting up this protest against bigotry, cannot refrain his own long enough to refrain from such pet terms of abuse toward a noble, learned, and venerated religious order of the Catholic Church, he is but poorly qualified for the mission he has undertaken.

If these gentlemen are ignorant of the history and character of the Society of Jesus; if they have never read the lives of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier; if they know so little of what Jesuits have done for science and education, as well as religion, one would suppose that policy would induce them to refrain from using opprobrious epithets, which must be felt as insults by millions of their fellow-citizens, who would be likely, in many things, to sympathize with the objects they wish to promote, and who assuredly have little sympathy with any form of Puritanical intolerance.

And the Jesuits, one would suppose, would be the last body of men to be stigmatized and insulted as they are by this comparison. What have they in common with the "Sabbath Committee"? I have the happiness to know many Jesuits—I have visited their noble institutions of learning, scattered over this country, and never have I seen more liberal, more kind, more polished gentlemen. Where has the world ever seen a more perfect union of high culture, sweet gentleness and holy heroism, than may be found in the Society of Jesus?—that Society which, beside a body of some of the most thoroughly educated men and the best educators the world has ever seen, has given to the Church 8,000 missionaries, and, out of these, 800 martyrs! Is this why people say, "Most base and Jesuitical"? Visit a Jesuit institution on Sunday, at Fordham, New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Mobile, or New Orleans—I speak only of the few I have visited—and you find it a day of devotion, of rest, of recreation. I have seen a hundred boys in the playground of a Jesuit College on Sunday, being of the religious services, playing a lively and healthful game of foot-ball; and I am happy to testify, also, that in all the excitement of that rather boisterous game, I did not hear one profane or improper word.

Sunday with Catholics is a holy day—a joyous annual commemorative of the resurrection of our Lord. Every Catholic is bound, if possible, to assist at public worship, and to refrain from servile labor. But he is free to enjoy any amusement or recreation, not wrong in itself, and which is not an interference with the rights of his neighbors.

With such views, Catholics would naturally and properly feel opposed to any attempt to make Sunday a Jewish Sabbath, or revive the blue laws of an extinct Puritanism. But assuredly they cannot be expected to join very cordially with those who take occasion, in their public resolutions, to insult them by vilifying those whom they love, honor, and revere.

T. L. N.

The following interesting letter was sent by telegraph from the Eternal City that it might appear in the present number of the Record. It was received a few hours before our paper went to press. We recommend the facts which it contains to the consideration of our friends of The New York Independent, Churchman, Observer, the Bible and Tract Societies, and all who are interested in the reform of the Papal Government. We trust our readers will appreciate the enterprise by which we are enabled to present them with such valuable and important information ahead of all our contemporaries, including even the leading dailies of our metropolis. But here is the letter, and if it don't prove the truth of all that is charged upon the Roman Government, why we cannot put trust in anything that is published—that's all. We had some faint suspicions that our correspondent was presenting a picture of another city, and we are afraid some of our readers may really think so; but if they do, we cannot of course be held responsible. This is a free country, and everybody has a right to think as he or she pleases:—

ROME AND THE PAPAL STATES—A MODEL CORRESPONDENCE.

The Result of a three days' stay in Rome.—A Correspondent who is qualified to speak of what he has seen there.—The Papal Government and its Atrocities.—Peculiar Condition of the City and its People.—Terrible Infanticide.—Poisoning of the Citizens.—Bandits Swarming the Streets.—Outrages upon Strangers.—Testimony of the Herald of Rome and the Tribuna.—Swindling, Cheating, and General Dishonesty.—The Way Poor Laborers are Treated and Deceived.—Moral of the People as illustrated by a Striking Case.—Murders frequent and seldom punished.—Our outspoken Correspondent in hourly danger of being Assassinated.—Etc., Etc., Etc.

[From our Special Correspondent—By Telegraph.]

Rome, September 21, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.
SIR—I have been three days in Rome, and made an excursion into the interior. I have seen all that is best worth seeing, read the papers and listened to the intelligent statements of my accomplished *cicerone*, so that I feel perfectly qualified to give you a correct account of the condition of Rome and the Papal States. The English and American papers, I am aware, leave us little to desire on this subject; but I flatter myself that I shall be able to add something of interest to the important and veracious details they have given us.

The Government of the Papal States, as you have been informed by all the newspapers, is the "worst of despotisms," and the physical, moral and religious condition of the Roman people, groaning under the superstitions of Popery, is appalling. In fact, bad as I expected to find things here, they are far worse than I anticipated.

First, of Rome itself. This, you are aware, is an ancient city, situated on the river Tiber. Its position is favorable to cleanliness and health, and it is abundantly supplied with water; yet I am told that its streets are often ankle deep in filth. In many places the air is polluted with butcheries, soap-factories, fat-melting establishments; and the poor live crowded together without sufficient air or light, producing a high rate of mortality. In the summer, infants die by hundreds every week. Great numbers are fed on the milk of cows which are diseased from close confinement and bad feeding. The scrofula, produced in the cows, is carried round and sold at so much a quart, to be distributed among the children, producing marasmus, cholera infantum, and other fatal diseases.

The wretched Government permits these murderous evils, in spite of the remonstrances of the people, as some assert, because the Cardinals are bribed by the butchers, milkmen, &c; or, as others say, because they want their influence to uphold their despotic government.

Of course, the streets of Rome swarm with brigands who also appear to be in league with the Government. The stranger who comes to Rome may expect to be pillaged from the moment of his arrival until his departure. The runner who salutes him at the landing-place is a brigand who will rifle his luggage if he has an opportunity. The cabman is a brigand who will charge ten times the proper fare and take him to a lodging house kept by a confederate brigand who will bully him out of four or five scudi for a meal, if he escapes being robbed of all he has. The broker who changes his money is a brigand of the same band with the others. If he enters a passage office to

buy a ticket for Genoa and Naples, he will find himself in a cave of bandits who will rob him unmercifully. At every step he is surrounded, and is liable to be drugged and perhaps murdered. I cannot assert that the Government and police are in complicity with these hordes of brigands and banditti, but the lack of all protection to the innocent or punishment to the guilty certainly has that appearance.

I asked my *cicerone* why the people do not elect honest and efficient municipal officers, as we do in America, where, I assured him, such things would not be tolerated a moment. He says that it is all owing to the brigands who control the elections, nominate themselves or their patrons, take possession of the poles, drive away respectable citizens by violence and outrage. I know with what horror you will read this in free America; but what better could be expected in a country which has for ages been sunk in gross superstition and idolatry?

If the country could be freed from the brigands some reforms might be introduced; but how can this be done, when the very magistrates and legislators are raised to power by their influence? They have full and unchecked control. If they wish to make an excursion into the country, they enter the cars with pistols and stilletos, and go as far as they like without paying fare, eating and drinking everywhere on the same free and easy terms. A few days ago a party of them went on a steambot on the Tiber, and when the captain wanted his fare they split his head open with an axe and made a perfect wreck of the boat. They often attack and outrage women, dragging them off to some lonesome alley or stable, and sometimes murder them. Sometimes they gather in crowds, with demoniac yells, and tear down or burn dwellings, churches, or schools. What can we think of a country where such outrages are perpetrated, or of a Government that gives no punishment to crime, to innocence no protection?

Under this "worst of despotisms," as the English and American press have often called it, what can we expect but that vice and crime should increase with frightful rapidity. In every morning's papers you read of robberies, murders, suicides, and terrible social scandals. Drunkenness is very common. Thousands of what are known in our language as "grog-shops" sell liquors which are said to be often rendered more intoxicating and deadly by the infusion of violent poisons. There is no lack of gambling houses and other houses of a still worse character; so that if you wish to see a great city infested with brigandage and licentiousness, you must come to Rome.

I know that this account may seem highly colored to some of your readers, who have perhaps suspected the correspondents of the English press of exaggeration, but I have fortunately at hand good evidence to sustain my statements. The Roman Herald a few mornings since published the following, which I translate as literally as possible:

"In every direction may be met bad and unsound meat, stale fish, withered vegetables, adulterated bread, tea, sugar, coffee, beer, wine, brandy and whisky; but no person appears to have any cognizance of such matters, and the Romans are victimized in thousands, month after month and year after year. But in no article of diet is there more adulteration than in milk, and there is none in which the adulteration is so pernicious, for it tips in the bud the fairest children of promise, who are doomed to pine away and perish by inches before the eyes of their parents."

Can anything bad enough be said of a government which persistently allows its people to be swindled and poisoned?

The *Tribuna* of Rome is scarcely less emphatic in regard to the brigands. It says:

"The question how far brigandage and crime are to govern this country, to shape its destinies and determine its future should be met promptly. If Papacy in large communities be a failure, the sooner we get some other form of government the better. We are moved to make these remarks by observing the growing brutality of ruffians in every part of Italy, and the shocking exposure of our Police Superintendent."

Writing on the same subject the learned editor of the *Herald* asks:

"What is the cause of this brigandism assuming so bold and defiant an attitude, dominating over law and order, and keeping respectable and virtuous citizens in continual fear?"

These Roman editors, it will be observed, do not seem to understand what all the rest of the world is perfectly aware of, though the

Tribuna does indeed hint at it hypothetically. But any English or American editor could tell them at once that it is all owing to Popery.

Brigandage is not the only evil in Italy, or rather the spirit of brigandage seems to be carried everywhere and to pervade every department of life. And as brigandage is well known to be a direct offspring of Papal superstition, to what but Popery can we attribute the corruption of government officials, the bribery of legislators, the conspiracies of chartered companies to plunder the people, and of the officers and employees to rob the companies; the wide-spread commercial dishonesty; frequent and fraudulent failures; incendiarism to cheat creditors and rob insurance companies; bogus insurance and trust companies to plunder the people, and a long list of swindlings, forgeries and perjuries?

Only a few days ago, close by the city of Rome, there were some hundreds of laborers at work on a railroad. They were swindled out of the greater part of their wages, by being compelled to buy their clothing and provisions at the contractor's stores at enormous prices, and then left with a month's wages due them, starvation staring them in the face, and no remedy but to barricade the road and prevent the passage of the trains. And similar robberies and oppressions have been perpetrated on the public works in all parts of the country. I do not know what the American people will think of such outrages, but I think public meetings ought to be held in every city to protest against them, and try to shame the Pope and Cardinals out of the sanction, or at least the tacit permission of such atrocities. The contractors have robbed poor laborers out of millions of scudi, and grown rich on this plunder of the unprotected poor; and this wretched government, which every body knows is the worst in the world, affords them no redress for the past and provides no security for the future.

The influence of Popery on public morals is nowhere better shown than at Rome. What would you think in America of a clergyman being accused of licentiousness, a public trial, all the lascivious details first published in the daily papers, and then in a thick pamphlet and circulated over Italy? What would you think of a high government official murdering another for alleged adultery with his wife, being tried, acquitted and then taking his wife to his arms again, while all the prurient details are published in the Roman papers, with illustrative engravings of the scenes and incidents?

Murders are very frequent and seldom punished. There is scarcely a paper which does not contain accounts of one or more suicides. But what can you expect in a country where for a few shillings a man can buy a license to commit every sin, and the suicide, no doubt, has an indulgence in his pocket!

If I can avoid being knocked on the head with a slung shot or thrown into the Tiber, to be "found drowned" by the coroner, I will write to you my further observations.

T. L. N.

Progress of the United States—In What the Greatness of the Country Consists.

[A patriotic friend, who has been living for some years in one of the British Provinces, but whose love of country, instead of being lessened, has rather been increased by time and distance, sends us the following letter, which we take pleasure in publishing. We need not say what it is about; our readers will find that out for themselves, and whether native or foreign born, they will heartily concur in the sentiments to which he thus gives utterance.—Ed. Beacon.]

While the enemies of our country are unwilling to give us any other glory than that of freebooters, swindlers, infidels and boasters, we can silently smile at their impotent rage and anile silliness by pointing their attention to the steady progress which has marked our course from the fires of the Revolution to the present day. Not more than four score years ago we were but three millions, all counted, with "few to do us reverence." At the present day we are a mighty nation of thirty millions, prosperous at home and respected abroad. At the time when "mighty Albion" was forced to acknowledge our independence our stars were but thirteen; now they are thirty-three. Then we had powerful rivals around us; now we are the masters of a mighty domain extending from ocean to ocean and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Our industry, unrivalled in the history of the world, has changed miles of wilderness into an earthly paradise. Nor has our prosperity been purely a material one. Our men, celebrated in every department of lit-

ature and science, have been awarded the palm of superiority by the impartial and candid of every European nation. What chemist of the present age can compare with our Ayer, whose discoveries have been applauded with delight by the Universities of Germany, France and England. What man has rendered more service to humanity than our Franklin, whose genius disarmed the lightning of its horrors; than Morse, than Fulton, to whose practical inventions the whole world is indebted for the comforts and advantages of the electric telegraph and the steam engine, those annihilators of time and space. In what country are commerce and agriculture carried on with more success than ours? To whom are we indebted for those time and labor-saving machines save Americans? Where will you find revolvers, rifles, printing presses, &c., like ours? We have no less reason to be proud of our statesmen, poets, orators, painters and sculptors. Our Websters, Calhouns, Clays, Longfellow, Churches and Crawfords are a few of a long list of names at which we have no cause to blush, and which would not be out of place beside those of European celebrity. Nor have we less cause to glory in our little army, which has successfully resisted Old England more than once, and whose exploits in Mexico drew upon it the admiration of a Wellington. We think our General Scott not a whit behind MacMahon or Canrobert. Our people are a well-informed people, and our schools are unsurpassed. The good old Church has not been in a backward state in our country; every where the Cross of Salvation rises above the din of our towns and in our peaceful villages. Our seven Archbishops, our forty Bishops, and several thousand priests are an honor to Catholicism, by their sincere piety and deep theological learning, as well as to their country by their patriotism and zeal for her welfare. Nowhere is the Church freer than in our country, save in the States ruled over by our revered Pontiff. Let those who doubt this look to England, with her thousand tyrannical laws; to France, whose Emperor nominates to Sees—where no marriage is lawful unless performed before the Mayor—where the *cures de cantons* are appointed by the Government without consulting the Bishop—where the State professes the right to decide in disputes purely ecclesiastical, as in the case of the Bishop of Moulins—where no religious vow is acknowledged as binding by the law; to Spain, where Church property has been time and again sequestered to the State and "religious" banished to Portugal—where we lately had the humiliation to see a secular tribunal revising the venerable patriarch of Lisbon's pastoral and sending it back to its saintly author as unfit to be published—where Government has acquired the noble honor (!) of insulting peaceful Sisters of Charity; in fine, let those who are not inclined to credit our statement look at every Catholic (so called) Government, excepting that of the Pope, and he will find that there is none which affords so much real liberty to the Church of God as that of these United States. Here Catholics may build churches and establish schools to their hearts' content. Personal instances of persecution may indeed exist, but they are but personal, and not to be attributed to the Government, which is based upon a constitution recognizing the inalienable rights of all men to serve God according to conscience. We have laid greater stress upon the progress of Catholicity here and its freedom, because our religion we firmly believe to be our greatest glory, as well as the ground of our hopes for the durability of our nation. The Providence of the Almighty has been shown for something in our incontestible progress during the past eight years: He destined still greater blessings for our country. Let us not lose the crown which old Europe envies us by falling short of the great mission which is ours. Let all our actions tend to convince our detractors that we may be staunch republicans without losing our love for the Church which has never failed, and will endure till time be no more.

AMERICUS.

CONFIRMATION IN THE DIOCESE OF NEW YORK. On Thursday the 15th inst., the Most Rev. Archbishop administered Confirmation to ninety-six persons in the German Church, Melrose, and on Sunday the 18th inst. he confirmed about three hundred persons in St. Augustine's Church, Sing Sing. He also preached at the last mass.

A SERIOUS DISPUTE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH GOVERNMENTS.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BOUNDARY QUESTION AT SAN JUAN ISLAND.

GENERAL SCOTT WENT TO CALIFORNIA AND FRAZER RIVER.

A Territorial right difficulty of rather a serious nature has occurred on our North-western frontier at the little island of San Juan, a piece of land claimed by the United States government as forming a portion of Washington Territory, and by England as part of Vancouver's Island.

For many years the place has been occupied jointly by American and English residents, the number of English having increased greatly since the discovery of gold on Frazer River. Great Britain has, consequently, within twelve months, strengthened her armaments and added to her force in Puget Sound very much, and although our government has frequently urged its claim to San Juan Island on the Cabinet in London, the English settlers have lately taken decided action in looking on the place as their own, and outraging or ousting the American settlers.

During some recent disputes an American had a law process served on him, and denied the jurisdiction of the English court. Official notice was then given our countrymen that they would not be protected from Indian outrages by English soldiers. The threat was promptly communicated to General Harney, commander of our forces on the Pacific, who immediately ordered the troops from Bellingham Bay to San Juan for the guarding of American life and property. Captain Pickett, U. S. Army, took the men there accordingly and remains on the island.

Governor Douglass, of Victoria, immediately commissioned "an English Justice of the Peace to act at San Juan, and advanced some British war steamers through the channel to the place. Three United States war steamers then went up, so that the look of things was threatening.

General Harney having sent voluminous despatches on the subject to Washington, the question of occupation and right was considered by the Cabinet, and Mr. Buchanan wishing to consult General Scott on the matter, summoned the old hero to the capital from West Point on Wednesday, the 7th instant. After mature deliberation it was agreed that General Scott himself—the most distinguished military diplomat of the day—should proceed to San Juan, and treat the complication so as that our citizen rights and national dignity should be upheld. The American Curtiss, who has so often closed the chasm of civil discord, repelled the advance of foreign invasion and waved our flag in triumph on the field, said he was "ready," and so he left New York on Tuesday, the 20th instant, on his way to Vancouver and San Juan Island by San Francisco. There is no doubt but the General will do all that is requisite in the matter, and if possible, prevent the effusion of blood. In any case, the country which has a man who at his advanced time of life will in a moment undertake a journey of seven thousand miles for her good, need never have a fear.

Fourth Annual Report of the Committee of St. James' Free School Society.

Flourishing Condition of the Schools.

We have just received this important and interesting document, and we cannot but congratulate the inhabitants of St. James' parish on such a satisfactory exhibit. It is creditable to all concerned—to the parishioners for the liberality that placed the schools on a firm basis, to the collectors whose zeal and energy did so much towards swelling the amount, and to the Committee for the systematic arrangement that facilitated the good work. In presenting their report, the Committee congratulate the members and collectors on the result of their labors and the flourishing condition of education in their midst. One thousand children are at present in attendance receiving instruction from the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity at a cost of about four dollars and fifty cents annually for each child, and this inclusive of interest on building, &c. For convenience of collecting, the parish has been subdivided into twenty-five sections, and two collectors have been assigned to each; the result of their labors will be apparent from a glance at the Secretary's report. During the year two

thousand nine hundred dollars were collected within the bounds of the parish, and after all expenses were cleared there remained on hand a balance of over two hundred dollars. Such a document as this speaks conclusively as to the rapid progress of Catholic education, its hold on the affections of our people, and their appreciation of its beneficial influence on the hearts and intellects of their children.

The report pays a just and well-merited compliment to the Pastor of St. James', which we take pleasure in extracting: "Giving you here," says the Committee, "a short synopsis of our Society, we must state that our exertions would be of no avail but for the untiring zeal of our beloved Pastor, who is devotedly attached to the interests of the children and to the prosperity of our Society, being President of the same, and by his good advice and council in all matters relating to the management of both School and Society, and the encouraging remarks of the collectors and contributors, we cannot but attribute our success and prosperity, in a great measure, to his wise council and judgement. And with God's blessing, we must once more say that St. James' Free School has proven to be an ultimate success."

The following are the amounts collected by the gentlemen whose names are stated. In introducing this statement we may remark that the parish of St. James is subdivided into twenty-five sections, and two collectors assigned to each sections:—

Thomas Mulvihill and William Dwyer, South, Front and Water streets, from Dover to James street, \$72 75; Robert Shea and James Tracy, Water, from James to Pike st., \$87 67; John Norris, Cherry, from Pike to Roosevelt, one side, \$153 66; Michael Stapleton and Richard Kirwin, Cherry, from Pearl to Roosevelt, one side, \$76 19; Edward Sweeney, Cherry, from Roosevelt to Catharine, \$80; Patrick Dougherty and Michael McCullough, Cherry, from Catharine to Pike, one side, \$84 13; Daniel Boorinan and Mr. McGrath, Cherry, from Catharine to Pike, one side, \$85 43; David Culbert and Michael Mangin, Batavia street, \$47 19; Edward Ferrin and James O'Neill, Hamilton street and Mechanics' alley, \$40 26; Eugene Shine and Denis Hogan, Oak street, from Pearl to Catharine, \$40 26; James Ryan and James Powers, Monroe and Market streets, \$119 18; John Russell and Paul Tillish, Madison, from Pearl to Catharine street, \$140 24; Patrick O'Neill and James Downey, Madison, from Catharine to Pike, \$32 46; John McKenna and Thomas Allen, Henry, from Market to Pike and Birkenhead street, \$75; Francis Egan and James McDonald, Henry, from Catharine to Market and East Broadway, \$39 65; Patrick O'Reilly, Pearl, Dover and Vandewater streets, \$48 25; Philip Creaghan and James McGrath, Roosevelt from Chatham to Madison, \$137 58; William O'Rourke and Denis Kelly, Roosevelt, from Madison to East River, \$59 18; Edward Boyle and Mr. Hanley, James, from Chatham to Madison to Oak, \$118 56; William Shannon and James Kelly, James street, from East River to Oak, north side to Madison, \$95 28; Peter McGann and Patrick McConville, one side of Oliver, from Chatham to East River, \$57 26; John Harrington, one side of Oliver, from Chatham to East River, \$52 19; Patrick Hackett and James Bradish, Catharine street, \$31 45; Most Rev. Archbishop's Lecture, \$543 45; for lost books and sundry donations and subscriptions, \$487 96. Amount in full for the year, \$2,931 27.

EUGENE SHINE, Secretary.

The Treasurer's report presents a no less satisfactory statement. From it we learn that the balance on hand at the date of last report was \$455 20, and that besides the amount received from the Society, and which is given in detail in the Secretary's report as presented above, the handsome Edward Boyle has realized from a lecture delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop. The balance on hand for the present year is \$218 68, and the total balance in the hands of the Treasurer is \$668 88. The whole amount of expenses was \$2,717 59, of which \$800 was paid for one year's maintenance of four Brothers, and \$600 for the maintenance of four Sisters during the same time. That certainly is procuring the best of instruction at the cheapest rate. The rest of the amount was expended for stationery, the payment of a secular teacher, and for sundry articles for the use of the school. Who says that our parochial schools are not in a flourishing condition? At the same time people will soon be enabled to dispense with the public schools altogether, and if the Board of Education want to sell out any of the fine structures which they have been erecting for some years past, they will have to apply to those who are better able to fill them, that's all.

The following are the names of the officers of the St. James Free School Society:

President, *ex officio*: Rev. Mr. Brennan; Vice President: Mr. Charles Toal; Secretary: Mr. Eugene Shine; Treasurer: Mr. Bernard McFeely; Executive Committee: Thos. Gamble, Arthur McCaffrey, Philip Creaghan, Denis Kelly, Edward Shea, Charles Toal.

LITERATURE.

A MANUAL OF PRAYER AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR PERSONS SEEKING THE TRUE RELIGION. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother (James B. Kirker).

At the present moment, when the religious mind of the country is awaking, and earnest but mistaken men are turning hither and thither in their search after truth, and in their weariness of churches without a creed and worshippers without offering, devising new systems of belief or patching up and enlarging old ones, such a publication as the above is calculated to do good. Pious Catholics may prefer works of devotion; to them it may seem as unnecessary to prove the existence of God as the infallibility of His Church and the divine nature of His doctrines, but this little book, as its name imports, is designed especially "for persons seeking the true religion," and bringing together, as it does, in narrow compass, a mass of evidence and argument addressed to such enquirers, may clear up lingering doubts and shorten the pathway that leads to the Church of God. To them this manual will be invaluable, for it touches upon the very points which are "stumbling blocks" to our separated brethren, and this it does with such calm, earnest reasoning that it must gain the attention even if it should not succeed in reaching the heart. The Rev. Compiler has prefixed to the book forms of prayer as if to indicate the spirit in which a search for truth should be undertaken, and to show that inquiry, to be acceptable to God or beneficial to the seeker, must be preceded by humble and earnest prayer. For, to use the words of the preface, it is prayer "which will obtain that divine grace which is pre-eminently the agent in the work of conversion, and without which all instruction would be in vain."

DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS; with Explanations of Christian Faith and Duty, and of Church Ceremonies. By the Rev. Leonard Godine. Translated from the German by the Rev. Theodore Southon, New York, Edward Dunigan & Brother, (James B. Kirker).

Godine's Manual of Instruction and Devotion has been for more than one hundred and fifty years a favorite book of devotion with our fellow Catholics of Germany, who will doubtless be glad to see it in an English version, while English-speaking Catholics will feel indebted to the publisher for making them acquainted with so valuable a work. Before speaking of the book itself, we would say that the paper is good, the type clear, and that it is got out in a style that sustains the character of the firm for enterprise and liberality. It is only by the issue of standard works that a publisher can support and extend his reputation, and show that he understands the wants and appreciates the spirit of the times. That has been done in this instance, and we have no doubt the work will be extensively read. It contains nine hundred pages of letter-press that will not fatigue even the weakest eyes.

The work is divided into two parts, the first treating of the Sundays of the ecclesiastical year, beginning with the first Sunday in Advent and ending with the last Sunday after Pentecost. The Epistle and Gospel peculiar to each day is given in full; then follow catechetical instructions on the Sacraments, doctrines, and practices alluded to, and the virtues inculcated in, the Inspired Word. Interspersed with these are meditations fraught with heavenly wisdom, and aspirations and prayers that breathe the very spirit of Divine love and Christian humility. Part second treats of the holydays and saints' days throughout the year, and of venerating the saints by imitating their virtues. The lives of many eminent servants of God are given, and also explanations of the Epistles and Gospels proper to their festivals, preceded by an explanation of Catholic doctrine on the veneration of saints.

The ever-increasing popularity of this work may be inferred from the fact that the first edition consisted of three thousand copies, the second and third, each five thousand, and the fourth seven thousand five hundred. It has been edited by the most distinguished theologians of Germany, and its circulation approved of and stimulated by every Bishop in the Empire.

The translator has performed his portion of the work well, his chief aim being "to present, as clearly as he could, the meaning and thought of his author." In this he has succeeded, and no higher praise could be awarded

to a translator. His concluding sentence will explain some things that may appear strange to other than German Catholics. "Occasional allusions will be found to customs not known here; but these have been allowed to pass without remark, as not being likely to mislead any one, while they help to interest us and extend the reach of our sympathies by showing us something of Catholic life under circumstances different from our own." That our readers may know something of the author of a book held in such high repute for almost two centuries, we extract the following short memoir:

Leonard Goffine was born at Cologne, in the year 1648, and was received as a Premonstratensian monk, on the 18th July, 1669, at Steinfeld, in the Duchy of Juelich, in a convent which was afterwards secularized. For many years he had charge of the parishes of Oberstein and Coesfeld, which he served with praiseworthy zeal. Everywhere he kept the example of his Lord and Master before his eyes. As we read in the Acts (i. 1), "Jesus began to do, and to teach," so his greatest care was, first to correct himself, and then to teach others. Being persuaded that public instruction and the exercises of the Divine Service should be accompanied by Christian instruction at home, he wrote at Coesfeld, Westphalia, a book of instruction and devotion, which, under the title of "A Manual," he caused to be published in the year 1690. In this work his aim was to instruct thoroughly, in regard to their sublime vocation, not only his own parishioners, but also all Christians desirous of salvation; to convince them of the supererogation and necessity of the world, to fill them with a lively faith, with sweet hope of the goods of eternity, and with a holy love for God and heavenly things. As his whole conduct showed that the Spirit of God was with him, so even they who opposed his religion could not withhold from him their respect. He died August 11th, 1719, in the 71st year of his age. His memory remains in benediction.

MY THIRD BOOK. A COLLECTION OF TALES. By Louisa Chandler Moulton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A collection of short tales, many of which have appeared in the pages of Harper's Magazine. Their interest generally is of the intense and impassioned order, and the style in which they are told is simple and effective.

RHYMES OF TWENTY YEARS. By Henry Morford. New York: B. Dexter & Co.

These "Rhymes," on familiar every-day topics, have already appeared—at least the major portion of them—in the columns of the periodical press, but are now published for the first time in a permanent form. They are dedicated "to that portion of humanity which recognizes poetry in the home affections, and romance in the experiences of every-day life."

LECTURES ON CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM. Lecture Notes. Popular objections to Catholicity. By T. L. Nichols.

This is, as the title imports, the third of the admirable series of lectures which are now in course of publication, and which we are pleased to learn have met with most decided success. The subjects of which they treat are presented in a most popular form, and all the strong points are brought out and sustained with vigor and ability. They exhibit much industry and research and a judicious arrangement of facts, while the style is clear, simple, and forcible. The lecturer is thoroughly acquainted with the prevalent prejudices and slanders against the Catholic Church, and in his answers thereto has made a most discriminating use of the material which he has had at his disposal. The very low price at which these lectures are sold places them within the reach of all, and we trust they will have a still larger circulation, particularly among our Protestant fellow citizens.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND. Published by C. B. Seymour.

The forty-second number sustains the character acquired by the previous issues. In it we find a Mazurka by Maretzek and a tender, expressive Melody by Lautenschlaeger, both of which are original.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE. W. L. Jones.

There is no pleasanter way for little folks to pick up a knowledge of Animated Nature than is presented in those pages, for the subject is treated in a pleasant conversational style that is always attractive to children.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE METROPOLITAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

It would be little less than absurd to undertake to tell our readers what is so well known already, that this is one of the best institutions of the kind in the United States; but we know it will gratify them to learn that it

never was in a more prosperous condition than it is at the present time. Of this fact we do not require more ample or convincing evidence than is presented by the last annual report. From this document, a copy of which has been sent to us by the Institution, we learn that there are belonging to the Association 4,534 members, of whom no less than 631 joined it during the last twelve months. That certainly looks like business and promises well for the future usefulness of the Library. The total number of volumes reported on the 1st of May 1883, was 48,728, to which 2,638 have been added by purchase and 402 by donation, making a total of 51,768 volumes. Facts are stubborn things, but when they present a favorable appearance they are after all very pleasant to hear and see in print. So we have no doubt the friends of the Mercantile Library Association will think when they come to read those presented in its thirty-eighth annual report.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for September is more than usually interesting and varied. It contains "Stories and Pictures of the Hudson," an illustrated article, in which many lovely spots along the banks of that noble river are embalmed, and many revolutionary reminiscences connected with it preserved. "Saratoga Illustrated" is pleasant to look over for those who have been there, and those who have not, giving form to the ideas of the one, and freshness to the memory of the other. "The Wealth of the Ancients" is sufficient to excite contempt for modern magnificence, when we find that even in "the cradled weakness of the world," they far outshine us in riches and splendor. We have a continuation of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," which grows more absorbing towards the close. It and the "Heart History of a Heartless Woman," keep up the character of the fictional department, so interesting to a large class of magazine readers.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The number for August has articles suited to all tastes—"Guizot's Memoirs" and "Napoleonism and Italy" for those who take an interest in political speculations or chapters of contemporary history; "Wanderings of an Artist" among the red-skins of North America; or the gossipy accounts of "Painters patronized by Charles the First," for lovers of art; while in historical biography we have "John of Ephesus" and "Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia," mother of the well known Cavalier General Prince Rupert; and in criticism, Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," which are favorably reviewed, and from which copious extracts are given.

REPORT OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. Y. BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF BOOK-BINDERS.—We are in receipt of a very neatly printed copy of the last annual report of this excellent Society. Annual reports, as a general thing, are more records of dull and tedious statements of facts and figures that have little or no interest for such as are not immediately concerned; but in the present instance this statement certainly does not apply. The little gilt edged pamphlet of some thirty pages which is now before us is anything but dull and tedious and might well claim an interest beyond the members of the Association whose operations and proceedings are thus presented in a permanent form.

The Association, as we are informed, has been some thirty-four years in existence, having been organized on the 9th of May 1849, and, as we learn from an exceedingly interesting speech delivered at the celebration of the last anniversary by Mr. Thos. Doyle, is at present in a most flourishing condition. Among the suggestive facts therein set forth is one which deserves particular mention: at the close of his address Mr. Doyle stated that since the organization of the Association the expenditure for the relief of sick members and the burial of the dead exceeded ten thousand dollars, "and this," he adds, "from the trifling sum of five dollars admission fee and the payment of twenty-five cents per month by each member. Why cannot," he asks in conclusion, "the other branches of the mechanic family do as well?" The Bookbinders Association may well ask the question, having proved how much practical good can be done by individual cooperation when properly directed and controlled by the right kind of influence—the influence of that true spirit of Christianity which seeks in association the means of mutual well-doing.

The Association of Bookbinders has our heartiest wishes for its future success.

The following are the names of the officers for 1883:

President—Henry A. Smith. Vice-President—Edward W. Crandall. Treasurer—Geo. McKibben. Recording Secretary—Charles E. Rahn. Financial Secretary—Alexander F. Roberts. Corresponding Secretary—Malby K. Pelletreau. Trustees—Daniel McLeod, John B. Parks, J. B. Smart, J. Board of Directors—Richard Weir, George Drewry, R. Beatty, Jr., Thomas Doyle, Thomas Marsden.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALIC TABLE RAZOR STROP.—This invaluable article may be obtained of the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. 42 6m

AGENTS.—We have appointed the following Agents for the Record, in addition to those already announced:—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Messrs. Downing & Daly, 139 South Eighth street.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Mr. James S. B. Smith, 383 North Gay street.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Camp-st.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Mr. John J. Kelly, 367 Washington street.

COPIES OF THE RECORD can always be had at the Book Store of

GEORGE W. CASSELEY, 27 Madison street, New York.

mh19 tf

THE FLUSHING RAILROAD CARS FOR CALVARY Cemetery leave Hunter's Point, opposite Thirty-fourth street, East River, at 7, 8, 10, 11 A. M., and 1, 3, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M. Returning, leave the Cemetery at 6:45, 8:10 and 10:15 A. M., and 1, 3, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M., on week days, and on Sundays hourly trains will be run. Fare each way 5 cents. Persons from the lower part of the city can take the steamer Mattano at Fulton Market Slip, at 9, 1, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7:30; fare 10 cents.

jh65 ly O. CHARLICK, President.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER and Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E. street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5

BRADY'S GALLERY HAS REMOVED FROM No. 809 Broadway to No. 643 Broadway, corner of Bleeker street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERRETYPE and AMBROTYPES. ang19 tf

SHIPPING.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

RODIE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, AGENTS, No. 69 South street, New York.

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Persons desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the subscribers, and have them brought out by the "BLACK BALL, OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS," sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American ships weekly.

Should those sent decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Packet Certificate and the receipt.

The "Black Ball, or Old Line of Liverpool Packets," comprise the following magnificent and fast sailing ships:

Isaac Webb (new), Columbia, 2nd class, 400 Tons.
Great Western, Philadelphia, 1st class, 400 Tons.
James Foster (new), Capt. E. W. Peabody, 1st class, 400 Tons.

Neptune (new), Capt. J. W. Porter, 1st class, 400 Tons.
Passengers, and served out at the rate per week of 14 lbs. beef, 1 lb. pork, 3/4 lb. bread, 1 lb. flour, 1/2 lb. tea, 1/2 lb. sugar, and 2 oz. tea, for each adult passenger.

We issue drafts at sight for any amount on the Royal Bank of Ireland, First class, 1/2 lb. tea, 1/2 lb. sugar, and 2 oz. tea, for each adult passenger.

We issue drafts at sight for any amount on the Royal Bank of Ireland, First class, 1/2 lb. tea, 1/2 lb. sugar, and 2 oz. tea, for each adult passenger.

Apply, or address (if by letter enclosing a postage stamp) RODIE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, No. 69 South street, corner of Pine, N. Y.

AGENTS: Boston, Mass.—Patrick Donohoe. Cincinnati, Ohio.—W. B. Barry & Co.

Lowell, Mass.—P. Sheahan. New Haven, Conn.—P. Morrissey. 2d ly

ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.—The next departure from New York will be the first class steamer OCEANIC, Capt. CAMPBELL, on Thursday, which sails on THURSDAY, the 18th day of October, touching at St. John, N. F., to receive the royal mail.

Prices of passage, First class, \$80; Second class, \$40; and bedding. Passage to St. John's: First class, \$50; Second, \$25. For freight or passage, inquire of the American Express Company, No. 61 Hudson street, and at their other advertised offices in the interior. Passage in the third class can be secured at any of the above offices to bring passengers out from any of the principal cities on the lines of railways in Great Britain for \$35, or from New York.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, 59 6m ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.

FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE.—The United States Mail steamer ARAGO, D. L. King, Captain, will leave for Havre, touching at Southampton, on the 18th of October, on SATURDAY, Sept. 19, at 12 o'clock, from Pier No. 12, North River, foot of Beach street. This ship has five water-tight compartments, enclosing the engines, so that in the event of collision or stranding, the water would not reach them, and the pumps being at work, the safety of the vessel and passengers would be secured. Price of Passage in Second Cabin, \$75 and \$100.

HARRIS & COMPANY, New York, the voyage should be sent on board the day before sailing, marked "Broadway."

For Freight or Passage apply to

W. B. DREYER, No. 7 Broadway.

N. B.—The steamer FULTON, will cross the ARAGO and sail Oct. 15.

DRY GOODS.

A. R. H. MACY'S, FOURTEENTH ST. AND SIXTH AV.

RIBBONS, in desirable colors and new designs.

RIBBONS, in desirable styles for Dress Trimmings.

RIBBONS IN VELVET, black and all colors.

DRESS TRIMMINGS, every color, new designs.

CLOAKS IN NEW STYLES, \$4, \$5, \$6, \$7 to \$25.

RAGLANS IN EVERY NEW DESIGN, cheap.

Every description of TRIMMINGS FOR CLOAKS.

BUGLE HEAD DRESSES in rich designs.

BUGLE GIMPS AND FRINGES, very cheap.

LINING SILKS of every color.

PARIS FLOWERS of choles designs for the season.

Ladies can be sure to find (real French) Flowers in every novelty at our store. Premium hand-made Ruches can only be purchased at this establishment. Ladies, please examine the novelties we have to show you in the way of

RICH RIBBONS, FLOWERS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c.

Every article of Ladies' Wearing Apparel we make to order in the very best manner.

Store, Nos. 204 and 206 SIXTH AVENUE.

One door from 14th st.

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LACE GOODS.

Every novelty in Real Laces, such as real Thread Vells, Coffers, Crown, Point Collars, Point Sets, &c. black Thread Laces, colored Silk Laces for Evening Dresses, white Illusion Laces in silk and cotton for Sleeves, Berthas, &c.

Hoop Skirts, a real prime article.

Corsets, a prime article, at \$1 25.

Ladies' Tucked Skirts, cheap.

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Every article of Ladies' and Children's Wearing Apparel made to order in good style and taste, at short notice.

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English and German Hosiery for Ladies and Children in every size. Prices as cheap as can be afforded for a good article.

KID GLOVES.

Quality the best, in every conceivable color and size, price 68 cents.

BEST SILK MITTS, 25 cents to \$15 a pair.

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Every kind FLANNELS, all wool.

Every kind SHIRTINGS and SHEETINGS.

Every quality RICHARDSON'S LINENS.

Every quality RICHARDSON'S NAPKINS.

Every quality RICHARDSON'S TOWELINGS.

Every quality RICHARDSON'S TABLE LINENS.

Every quality CURTAIN MUSLINS.

Every quality BOOK and SWISS MUSLINS.

Every quality CAMBRIC and DOTTED MUSLINS.

Every kind LININGS for DRESSES.

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Having just received our Fall Importation of choice designs in every kind of Embroideries, we now offer to our customers the rare chance to make their selections from our many pretty patterns in COLLARS, BANDS, SLEEVES, CAMBRIC and MUSLIN EDGINGS, &c.

Nos. 204 and 206 6th av., one door below 14th st.

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IRON BEDSTEADS, IRON HAT RACKS.

Iron Store Stools—Stools put up in stores free of charge. Circulars sent on request. Liberal terms to the trade.

mh19 6m JAMES SCOTT, No. 147 Centre corner Canal street.

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"ENDORSED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—The greatest remedy known for DYSPEPSIA, DIARRHÆA, DEBILITY, HEARTBURN, BILIOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, LIVER COMPLAINT, BLOOD DISEASES, &c., &c., &c., is

DR. BRONN'S BITTERS.

Also, as a prophylactic against

FEVER and AGUE, CHOLERA, SUMMER COMPLAINT, &c.

This remedy has a very pleasant taste, and will be taken as readily by children as by adults. The afflicted are invited to try it.

RETAILERS—PRICE 25 CENTS.

Send for circular giving full particulars. Address

J. C. CHURCH, Sole Agent,

No. 49 Broadway, New York.

Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere. mh38 ly

ASTOR HOUSE RESTAURANT.—THE

Restaurant connected with the Astor House is open daily, except Sundays, for the service of breakfast, dinner, and supper. The vegetables, milk and eggs are fresh every day from the Astor House farm, and the best oysters and finest varieties of fish are to be had here at all seasons, prepared and served in new and approved styles. Entrance on Broadway and also on Barclay street.

jh88 6m

INSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHS.

MAMMOTH PHOTOGRAPHS,
AT
GREY'S, No. 871 BROADWAY,
Doors from Taylor's Saloon, N. Y.
FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR. *July 30*

CHURCH ARTICLES.

IMPORTATION FROM PARIS OF RELIGIOUS ARTICLES.
The undersigned respectfully informs the Clergy and Bookkeepers of the United States that he constantly receives from Paris
Sacred Engravings and Lithographs.
Crucifixes, Brass, Bronze, Ivory, &c.
Stations for Churches.
Rosaries, Medals, Crosses, and all other Catholic Goods.
Orders for direct importation from Paris respectfully solicited.
Frames always on hand or made to order.
J. TUGGLES, Importer,
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Catalogues free. *au12 ly*



BENZIGER BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS and Bookellers, and Importers of Vestments and Church Garments, 150 William street, New York
Einsiedeln, Switzerland. *July 30*
STAINED GLASS—HENRY SHARP,
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DELANO LIFE-PRESERVING COAT AND VEST COMPANY.
(Incorporated January, 1892—Capital \$150,000.)
Manufacturers of all kinds of LIFE PRESERVING GARMENTS.
For ordinary wear.
Children's Swimming Jackets, &c., &c.
Office and Salesroom, 256 Broadway, New York
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ORGANS—JARDINE & SON, ORGAN BUILDERS, No. 100 White street, New York.
REFERENCES:
Right Rev. Bishop Porter, Mobile.
Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, Pittsburgh.
Right Rev. Bishop Gasbarrini, Burlington.
Right Rev. Bishop Beck, Portland.
Right Rev. Bishop McCloskey, Albany, &c., &c.
July 30

CHURCH ORGANS—HENRY ERBEN,
Organ Manufacturer, keeps constantly on hand CHURCH AND PARLOR ORGANS.
For particulars as to size, price, &c., inquire at the manufactory, 179 Centre street, New York. *my1 ly*

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REMOVING—PHENIX LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURER, removed from Nos. 383, 384, and 324 Greenwich street, corner of Beach, to No. 321 East Twenty-third street, near First Avenue. Office No. 215 Centre street, New York.
645 ly
TOBACCO V. SIEGLER, Agent.

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CARPET AND OIL CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, near Grand street, New York.
Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON AND COCCA MATTING, DRUGGETS, &c., &c.
The stock contained in this establishment embraces every item appearing in the Carpet Trade, from the most expensive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic article, and all goods sold are warranted as represented.
The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable Institutions will be furnished at manufacturer's prices.
Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and goods packed and shipped free of charge.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, New York. *July 30*

MUSIC.
C. BREUSING,
FOREIGN MUSIC, AND
ERARD'S GRAND AND COTTAGE PIANOS.
No. 701 Broadway, New York. *my21 6m*

ISINGGLASS.
PETER COOPER'S REFINED
Sheet and Shred Isinglass,
A PRIME ARTICLE,
Very extensively used for
CALVES-FOOT JELLY,
BLANC MANGE,
TABLE AND
WINE JELLIES,
And for
JELLIFYING PRESERVES.

The Shred, with directions for using, is put up in small packages for family use, and is sold by all the principal Grocers and Druggists throughout the United States.
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No. 17 Burling Slip, New York. *July 30*

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HARP MAKERS.
WAREHOUSES, No. 709 BROADWAY,
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Music Strings and every requisite for the Harp.
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THE NEW YORK BOWERY FIRE Insurance Company—Office, No. 134 Bowery, corner of Grand street, Capital, \$1,000,000. Continues to insure dwelling houses and furniture, store-houses and merchandise, and every other description of personal property, against loss and damage by fire, upon terms as favorable as any similar institution. Having a large surplus fund, which, with their capital, being safely and profitably invested, enables them to afford "reliable security" on all policies they issue.
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G. G. TAYLOR, Secretary.
WILLIAM M. MAILER, Surveyor. *sep10 3m*

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Continues the business of Fire Insurance, with united capital and a handsome surplus.
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T. James Glover, Jas. M. Harmony, Jas. M. Motley, P. A. Hargous, J. M. Morgan, J. W. Callender, S. P. Bell, F. De Peyster, William Craig, Arthur Leary, Peter Morris, F. A. Bruguieres, John Garcia, Jas. Donnellan, A. Van Rensselaer. *au16 m*
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE CO.—
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Office, No. 4 Broad street, New York.
This Company insures all kinds of buildings, household furniture, merchandise, vessels in port, and other property, against loss by fire.
HENRY QUACKENBOS, Secretary. *July 30*

PIANO FORTES.

REMOVAL.
A. H. GALE & Co., PIANO FORTES, MANUFACTORY AND WAREHOUSE, No. 183, 187, 189, 191, 413 EAST TWELFTH STREET, NEAR THIRD AVENUE.

A. H. GALE & Co. HAVE JUST COMPLETED extensive additions to their factory buildings on 12th street, and have removed their entire Establishment from the corner of 18th street and 8th Avenue.
They have also perfected their new Piano Fortes to meet the growing taste for more perfect instruments than have hitherto been in use, while they have been careful to preserve, with the additional power, that peculiarly sweet and sympathetic tone for which their Pianos are celebrated.

They are permitted to refer to the several Catholic Institutions of Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana and St. Johns, N. B., whose patronage they have enjoyed, and where their Pianos are in use.

A. H. G. & Co., respectfully invite the inspection of Artists, Amateurs and the Public generally. *au27 3m*

ALBERT WEBER, PIANO FORTES MANUFACTURER, No. 105 West Broadway, New York.
Each Piano is made under the subscriber's personal supervision, warranted of the best material and workmanship, unsurpassed in touch and tone, and sold at the lowest manufacturer's price. These Pianos have met with the most liberal patronage at the Academy of St. Vincent, St. Mary's, St. Lawrence, N. Y. Sisters of Mercy, St. Helena, Ark., Monastery of Visitation, Mobile, Ala., Academy at St. Michaels, La., the Rev. Bishop Byrne; also, Dr. Pies, D. D., Brooklyn, &c., &c. *July 30*

CHICKERING & SONS MANUFACTURERS OF GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANO FORTES.
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PLANS MADE TO ORDER.
TO SUIT ANY STYLE OF FURNITURE.
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Also, for sale, at wholesale and retail.
MELODEONS, HARMONIC ORGAN MELODEONS, AND ORGAN HARMONIUMS.
For Parloirs, Churches, Villas and Lodges.
Grand and Square Pianos to Rent.
Warehouses in Boston, Tremont street. Warehouses Philadelphia, No. 1207 Chestnut street. *July 30*

UNDERTAKERS.
WILLIAM T. A. HAIR, SEXTON
AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,
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Livery Stables, No. 235 Bowery.
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JAMES DOOLEY.
SEXTON OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH,
AND UNDERTAKER, 35 Fourth Avenue, corner of Eighth street, New York. *my28 6m*

JAMES DOWD,
Sexton of St. Francis Xavier Church, and Undertaker, No. 119 Eighteenth street, corner Seventh Avenue, New York. *au16 m*

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NO. 42 VOLUME III.

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"Tell me, dearest maiden" (new song). C. D. Albert.

Mazurka (new), written expressly for this publication, by the great Italian Opera Conductor and Manager, M. Maretzk.

"To son ricco," from L'Elisir d'Amore. Donizetti.

CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT, No. 1 CENTRE ST., New York, August 26, 1890.

NOTICE TO UNDERTAKERS, SEXTONS, AND OTHERS.—On and after the first of September next, all sub-offices for granting burial permits will be discontinued, and the same can be obtained only at the office of the City Inspector, No. 1 Centre street, and at the office of DR. CYRUS RAMSAY, No. 101 Second Avenue, corner of Sixth street.

Ferry-masters, stevedores, capitalists, railroad conductors, express agents, and all other persons receiving burial permits, are requested to return the same to the City Inspector's office on the first of every month, for the purpose of comparing with the original certificate on file in this office.

Particular attention is called to the following extract of an Ordinance of the Common Council, passed April 29, 1889, which was then enforced:

"No captain, agent, or other person attached to any steamboat, ferry-boat, sailing or other vessel, or to any pier, wharf, or other conveyance, public or private, shall convey the body of any person who has died in the city of New York, beyond the limits of said city, without a permit from the City Inspector, under the penalty of two hundred dollars for each offence, to be collected from the person or persons so offending, severally and respectively."

To enable the City Inspector to give a permit for the burial or removal of the body of any person who has died in this city, and who is conveyed by any conveyance, it will be necessary to produce the certificate of some physician duly authenticated, stating when and where the person died, and of what disease, or the written permission of one of the Coroners, consenting to the giving of such permit.

No charge is made under any circumstances, for the granting of permits.

DANIEL R. DELAVAN, City Inspector.

CYRUS RAMSAY, M. D., Registrar of Records and Statistics.

N.—This notice does not apply to the Calvary Cemetery, who, by special ordinance of the Common Council, are privileged to give permits for all burials in that Cemetery.

64 St. DANIEL R. DELAVAN, City Inspector.

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MIRRORES for Private Parloirs, Hotels and Steamboats,
on hand and made to order.
J. S. WILLARD, Manufacturer,
au21 3m 209 Canal street, late 440 Pearl street.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF
The Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HENRY EARLY, late of the City of New York, soap-stone manufacturer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at said residence, No. 147 Elm street, in the City of New York, on or before the fourteenth day of November next.—Dated New York, the 10th day of July, 1890.

my16 m CATHARINE EARLY, Administratrix.

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By the Rev. LEONARD GURPKE, Priest of the Order of
Fremontstrassians.
Translated from the German, by Rev. Theodore
Noethen, Pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross,
Albany, N. Y. 1 vol., small 8vo, pp. 801. Handsome cloth binding. Price, \$1 50.

This admirable work has passed through many editions in the original both in Germany and in this country, but is now for the first time translated into English. All the German Bishops have recommended its translation and publication as a standard work, and the present edition will be hailed as a valuable addition to our literature, the merits of the book fully justifying the popularity which it has enjoyed for the last century and a half among German Catholics.

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